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OCTOBER 11, 1948

New Republic

CANNIBALISM IN THE CIO

PAGE 10

BERLIN DREADS THE WINTER

By PERCY WINNER

THE EAST-WEST CRISIS

AN EDITORIAL

15¢

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New Republic

EDITOR: Michael Straight
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: W. D. Patterson

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ARTICLES: Norman Grieser (Chief), Joseph Lyford, Thomas Whiteside, Myriam Wilson
STAFF CONTRIBUTORS: Malcolm Cowley, John Farrelly, Robin Kinkead, Ralph G. Martin, Claire Neikind, James R. Newman, Richard Watts Jr.
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RESEARCH: Elizabeth L. Gardner, Barbara Greenfeld, Vasiliki Sarant
ADVERTISING MANAGER: E. G. Wood
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Eric Shumway
LIBRARY: Patricia Kuhnel (Chief), Fannie B. Sibley

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE GREAT DANGER to Truman, as we see it, is that he is running out of grandfathers. Correspondents traveling with the President on his Western tour followed the course of Grandpaw Truman and Grandpaw Young right across the nation, from Shelbyville, Kentucky, to Oregon. There was hardly a town where Our Harry didn't have a new anecdote about the doings of his ancestors in those parts. And his cousins filled in the whistle stops. What Truman is going to do when he hits the Bronx presents quite a problem.

The Truman party is definitely building up its man as a homespun country boy, in contrast to Dewey, the cold-blooded city slicker. It is succeeding, too. There is an agreeable warm-heartedness and simplicity about Truman that is genuine. Correspondents, however, assail his despicable habit of rising at 5:30, to which is added the irritating fact that, at 64, he still seems as relaxed as a moderately fresh daisy next day.

A presidential train is the worst place in the world to read public opinion. Nevertheless, reporters keep pinching themselves at the size of the crowds and their cordial response. Of course, the question is, does Truman just have the art of making friends without influencing people? Our judgment (subject to review) is that he is making more headway than expected, but not enough.

We shall never forget the sickly smile on Bob Taft's face at the Philadelphia convention when he was serenaded with the silly Taft campaign song: "We're looking over a four-leaf clover that we overlooked before." Four-leaf-clover Taft is up for reëlection in Ohio in 1950. He is going to have a tough battle, and he knows it. He has just squeaked through in the past, and this time labor is really gunning for him. Truman everywhere shadow-boxes with Taft as the symbol of Repellent Republicanism. We have reason to believe Taft is going to strike out on foreign policy in the next Senate, taking one of two vacancies on Vandenberg's committee and probably ending the 13-to-0 unanimity Vandenberg has been getting.

Columnist Marquis Childs has been pointing out that Senator Capehart's Special Committee on Trade Policies is really setting the stage for congressional action to restore the basing-point system, knocked out by the Supreme Court. This is one of those complicated things that really spell the difference between competition and monopoly. The Capehart counsel is associated with the Chicago law firm that fought this issue before the Federal Trade Commission. A November GOP landside probably means ferocious congressional attacks on most federal regulatory agencies, with trade, power and tariff first in line. Watch also for an effort to get atomic energy into private hands.

Drew Pearson's columns are involved in three election fights. In Kentucky's paradoxical Senate race, where a conservative House Democrat, Virgil Chapman, is challenging liberal Republic incumbent John S. Cooper, Pearson has published alleged facts about Chapman's personal habits that the Cooper forces are citing. Pearson has also got himself involved in the Michigan campaign of Senator Ferguson (R) for reëlection. He has published the text of a letter assertedly sent by Senator Elmer Thomas (D) of Oklahoma, implying that Ferguson accepted gifts for his family from auto manufacturers. Finally, Pearson's published charge that J. Parnell Thomas, the eminent Red-baiter, is

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rigging salaries in his own office to get pay kickbacks, is taking the wind out of Thomas' sails.

In this rather apathetic election we find ourselves wondering what will happen to the four parties after it's over. We sense a national realignment with puzzling but fascinating possibilities. Are the arch-conservative Dixiecrats here for good? Will Truman's radicalism, which is more marked every day, set a permanent course for the Democrats and mean an ultimate alliance with Walter Reuther labor groups? Will the moderate-conservative Dewey wing manage to curb the GOP Neanderthalers? The next chapter should be a thriller.

Notes. Shrewd, powerful Jesse Jones in Texas is trying to canalize Dixiecrats into a new lily-white Republican Party. . . . Jones's Texas GOP candidate for the Senate, amiable Jack Porter, is an independent oil man attracted by the Republican stand on tidelands oil. . . . Truman's best mixed metaphor of the Western trip was made at San Diego, where he said that if the West didn't hurry up and get more water it would soon reach a "saturation point" of population. . . . Fat, rich Uncle Sam pays an outrageously stingy living allowance to his employees: advance Secret Servicemen on the presidential trip, for example, get $6 per diem for hotel room and meals, though a swank presidential hotel usually charges that much just for a room. . . . Dewey is speaking noble platitudes and keeping silent on the real issues, practising the Demagoguery of Silence. He will come down from the clouds only if he gets really scared; a sharp debate would foster interest, bring out a bigger vote and probably aid Truman. . . . The best speech Truman ever made was at Oklahoma City on "Communism," including a brave defense of civil liberties. It also helped him get off the "red herring" comment. . . . And finally, the election may turn on whether the man in the election booth who says, "Truman's a nice little guy," puts the emphasis on "nice" or "little."

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 15, ISSUE 1767, NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 11, 1948 **New Republic**

THE EAST-WEST CRISIS

An Editorial

AMERICA'S TASK in the new world crisis is still to work, in every principled way, for peace. The key to peace lies in the creation of a new Europe, self-governing and self-supporting, freed of *all* occupation forces and united in a federal democracy.

In this objective, Berlin, alas, has become the central issue. Our stand in Berlin is intolerable and inescapable, corresponding to no lasting economic, political or military reality. Yet every sunrise may see new violence passing beyond our control. At best our air-lift can keep two and a half million Germans on the dole, not starving, not freezing, not working. At any moment the USSR may attack the air-lift, provoking war.

Yet we cannot leave. Berlin is the legacy of the grand alliance of the war and our foothold in seeking a general settlement. To abandon Berlin at this moment would be to accept finally the division of Europe and of the world.

It would mean the abandonment of other outposts, such as Vienna, in the region that is neither East nor West.

It would mean accepting the partition of Germany under the worst terms, both for an inferior West German state that would be drawn always toward Berlin, and for the nations committed to maintain this state, first by bribery and finally by force.

It would mean the continued occupation of Europe by Eastern and Western troops, leading to rising tension and ultimately to war.

Our action, in bringing the Berlin issue before the United Nations, alone compels us to remain in Berlin.

Without raising the issue of a German settlement we postponed the decision on Berlin, first by the air-lift, then by the Moscow negotiations, then by referring the Berlin issue to the UN. No further wrangling over the internal situation in Berlin can possibly bring a solution. Our stand in Berlin is justified only if it is made a means of actively seeking a settlement for Germany.

The United Nations, which we have burdened with the Berlin crisis, is forbidden by Article 107 to discuss the terms of a general settlement in a German peace treaty. It can, as in the case of Korea, send a fact-finding commission to Berlin. It can, as in the case of Indonesia, send a conciliation commission. Neither action can resolve the conflict.

The force of the UN lies entirely in the realm of public opinion. It is a dangerous, often a blind, force today. Poorly used, it may well lead to an abandonment of the UN by Russia and her allies. Used well, it can compel East and West to clarify by independent action the terms on which a general settlement can be reached.

That is, if there is a basis for a German settlement today.

Any settlement reached by a peace treaty for Germany demands the signature of a German government. Only by free elections could a German government be established. Free elections would mean little in the Eastern zone today. Yet, if the Eastern zone elected only the Soviet-controlled SED, and if the Communist Party were permitted full freedom to campaign in the Western zones, a German government today, thanks to the resentment aroused by the brutal methods of the blockade, would not be Communist-controlled.

The price of a settlement might still seem prohibitive.

For the French it would raise again the spectre of a centralized, independent Germany against which even a federal system of government and the strongest guarantees against rearmament would be insufficient protection.

For America it would require giving Russia access to the resources and the workers of the Ruhr. Even if four-power control were established without the veto power, Russia's ability to divert the production of the Ruhr from the reconstruction of Western Europe would be greatly increased. Large reparations from Ruhr production would be the price of the evacuation of Soviet troops from Germany. These reparations in effect would be paid for by increased US exports to Germany and to the nations we now supply. The cost might be saved at once in reduced expenditures for rearmament. Yet our distrust is now so deep that Congress would prefer the present anarchy.

Yet the price of a general settlement would seem highest of all for Russia. By advancing her own frontiers and those of her satellites, Russia has exposed herself to the threat of any unified German state that is not entirely Soviet-controlled. She has taken ownership and control of the industry of Eastern Germany which, by the terms of any settlement, would return to a new German state. She has trained and equipped armed forces of Germans which would have to be disbanded. She has created a police state which, like the Frankfurt government, would be entirely merged in a unified country.

Since the price of a German settlement is so high, the

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resistance even to the offer of a settlement must be great. The Soviet delegates undoubtedly will argue before the UN that they have always favored the end of the German occupation and that the West alone has blocked a unified Germany under four-power control. Yet there is no doubt that recently the Soviet government has wanted neither war nor a settlement.

In the Moscow negotiations, the Allies were ready to reopen discussions on the future of Germany. But the objective of the Soviet government was first to win from the West the abandonment of the Western German state without giving any clear Soviet commitments, and later to reduce the Western forces in Berlin to garrisons living by Soviet sufferance. When these objectives failed, the Soviet government in effect ended the negotiations. Why try again, the Western governments must ask: the effort is not only hopeless but harmful, in antagonizing the French, discouraging the Western Germans, and fostering the illusion in all peoples that a settlement is possible when our real task is to prepare for defensive war in the hope of a prolonged armed truce.

Yet, if we are faithful to our objective of seeking peace, we must try again and never cease trying to reach a settlement. It is true that the Soviet blockade is "illegal and coercive," violating the spirit of the UN Charter. Yet beyond the blockade which the Russians charge was forced upon them, the moral issue is unclear and our position has never been well-defined. The UN Assembly may support us now, but if we make no further offer, and if, as may well happen, the future finds us arming and training German soldiers for war, Europe will be lost to us.

As long as we keep the door open, we are fully justified, in this new situation which Russia has created, in progressing at top speed with the organization of a Western Union. It requires, in addition to ERP aid, American military commitments and military supplies. This aid, added to the cost of ERP and of our own rearmament program, will force upon the next Congress the necessity of imposing the stringent controls for the sake of consumers which the present Congress refused to enact. Next year may well find the extreme Left and the extreme Right joined to prevent the enactment of aid to Europe. We believe that full aid, economic and military, must be given to the Western Union.

Yet material aid is but one sector of Europe's way to a new society and our way to peace. "The provision of material requirements of the peoples of Western Europe," Sir Stafford Cripps declared last week, "cannot alone bring about the regeneration of the strength of Western European democracy. Though we need bread upon which to live, we cannot live by bread alone. Our future hopes lie in . . . moral strength and spiritual courage."

These qualities demand a compelling reason for struggle and sacrifice. It can only be belief in the rightness of our cause and in the possibility of peace which we, by our actions, sustain.

THE WEEK

PROGRESSIVE POLICY CHANGE

The Progressive Party is now supporting liberal Democrats seeking renomination to Congress in a number of races throughout the country.

A list of such contests made public on September 30 included Helen Gahagan Douglas and Chet Holifield in California; John A. Carroll in Colorado; Adolph J. Sabath in Illinois; Ray J. Madden in Indiana; Brent Spence in Kentucky; George G. Sadowski in Michigan; John A. Blatnik in Minnesota; Frank H. Karsten in Missouri; Mike Mansfield in Montana; Mary T. Norton in New Jersey; Emanuel Celler, Arthur G. Klein and Adam Clayton Powell in New York; Robert Crosser, Walter B. Huber and Michael J. Kirwan in Ohio; Frank Buchanan, Herman P. Eberharter and Thomas E. Morgan in Pennsylvania; John E. Fogarty, and Aime J. Forand in Rhode Island; Walter K. Granger in Utah and John Kee in West Virginia. The party is also supporting Chester Bowles, candidate for Governor in Connecticut, and Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse, nominee for Congress.

The support of the Progressive Party has been publicly repudiated in the past few days by a number of these individuals, including Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Woodhouse, Holifield and Bowles.

A spokesman for the Progressive Party denied to the *New Republic* that there has been any sudden reversal of policy on a national level. He said that the decisions had been taken locally after negotiations which had sometimes lasted months. Nevertheless, the manner in which the announcement was made has left the widespread impression that, in many cases, the actions are of recent origin, and are part of a national policy.

Jack Kroll, director of the CIO Political Action Committee, in a statement made the same day as the Progressive Party announcement, charged that the party is so weak it no longer "needs to be taken seriously," mentioning several states in whose primaries Progressive Party candidates received only a minute proportion of the votes cast.

In dozens of districts throughout the country, the Progressives say, they have not entered a candidate against liberal Democrats, many of whom could not possibly win without Progressive support. In certain other districts, both the Democratic and Republican candidates are so conservative that the Progressive is the only one whom liberals can support.

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Gentlemen's Agreement

FRED A. HARTLEY of New Jersey, co-author of That Law, has written a book. In it, according to the Associated Press, he scolds the members of his own (Republican) Party in Congress for not passing additional anti-labor legislation. But this had to be: there was an agreement, the AP quotes him as saying, that "no more legislation to which organized labor could possibly object" would be passed *until after* the 1948 presidential election.

Italics ours.

The Progressives say they are supporting 41 out of 47 Democrats in Congress who were right on three-quarters of the issues the CIO has considered crucial. Among those candidates are 26 of the 35 whose margin of victory in 1946 was five percent or less. Many of them voted for the Marshall Plan; the fact that they are being supported disproves, the Progressives say, "the charge made by many labor and liberal sources that the Progressive Party is a 'red plot' to defeat every liberal that supported the Marshall Plan."

In Illinois, the Progressives are still opposing Paul Douglas, Democratic senatorial candidate. They have been ruled off the ballot in Illinois, however, except in Cook County (Chicago).

TRUMAN SOUNDS BETTER

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

San Francisco listened to both Candidate Truman and Candidate Dewey in person and NRs found that the promises of the former sound better to Western ears.

About 8,000 heard Dewey's indoor speech promising increased production through government support of "our American system," national debt reduction, economy, and a loyal, honest administration.

Speaking outdoors to some 25,000, Truman said the UN "had proved its worth," and then took up subjects dear to Western hearts. "Reclamation projects are good for all the nation, not just one section," he said, accusing the "power crowd" and the Republicans of standing in the way of the Central Valley Project. He said his planners have a program for doubling the present irrigated areas of Central Valley and its power output.

"Big-business interests of the East who control the Republican Party don't believe in reclamation projects for the West. . . . They are willing for the projects to be constructed—provided they get a rake-off in distributing the power produced at the dams."

In contrast with Dewey's lofty vagueness, Truman sounded practical and progressive, which may account for the rise in his popularity which the latest California polls reflect.

A LESSON FOR PREJUDICE

Federal District Judge Sterling Hutcheson ruled in March that several Virginia school boards "are perpetually enjoined and restrained from discriminating against . . . Negro school children . . . in providing and maintaining school facilities. . . ."

The school board of King George County, Virginia, complied with the order in the usual separate but unequal way. It hired a science teacher, fired a history teacher, and then required the science teacher to instruct in both subjects. It provided a useless two-burner hot plate for the lab and "improved" the Negro library by sending 2,000 volumes, including German textbooks and novels (the school teaches no German), 10 volumes of the Bell Telephone Quarterly, a book on Hungarian celebrities (published in 1851), and the history of "the Medical Department of the US Army in World War I."

Like King George County, the rest of Virginia's school system is Jim Crow. Negro teachers receive less pay than white teachers in many of the state's 100 counties. Negro pupils have to travel farther to attend schools that are old, run-down, crowded and often lack sanitation facilities. Several of the Negro high schools are not accredited because they do not offer the same courses given in white schools.

On October 22, the officials of the King George County school board will appear before Judge Hutcheson to face a federal contempt charge for their failure to equalize school facilities. If the outcome forces Virginia to clean its schoolhouses, a precedent will be set for long-delayed action in other Southern states.

Popular Front

CHARLESTON, W. VA. (NR correspondent)

A FREEDOM TRAIN PARADE could not get started here the other day because of a shortage of white men who would volunteer to ride with Negroes on a float sponsored by Negro Republicans to demonstrate racial equality. The difficulty finally was solved and the parade rolled off with the equality float fully manned. On it were five Negro Republicans and five white members of the Progressive Party.

LABOR AND THE DEMOCRATS

The second week of President Truman's campaign tour revealed that relations between organized labor and the Democratic Party are still tentative and sketchy, but that there is a growing tendency for unions to swing strong support to the Democrats.

In California the Wallace Independent Progressive Party announced that it had shifted its tactics and would support some Democrats, but left-wing CIO unions still were for Wallace for President.

In Texas Truman left a rather cold feeling among union leaders by giving his endorsement for the Democratic senatorial nomination to Lyndon Johnson—opposed as a Taft-Hartley congressman by CIO and AFL unions—instead of former Governor Coke Stevenson. Yet labor's choice between Stevenson and Johnson was dubious since Stevenson announced that if he had had the chance, he would have voted for the T-H Act.

In southern Illinois, southern Indiana, Missouri and Kentucky, Truman and the Democrats have strong

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support. Truman got a cheer in Springfield, Missouri, a railroad center, when he said he was a "friend" of railroad workers. The rank and file seemed ready to forgive the President for the extravagant "draft-strikers" bill that broke the railroad strike of May, 1946.

At Mt. Vernon, in southern Illinois mining territory, a "United Labor for Truman" banner appeared. The miners showed no sign that they seriously resented Truman's two court injunctions against United Mine Workers strikers or heeded John L. Lewis' frequent flirtings with the Republicans. At Evansville, Indiana, a united labor committee had representatives on the Truman train. Evansville teamsters were quietly pro-Democratic despite the reputed Republican sympathies of their leader, Dave Beck.

The President was greeted in Louisville by signs proclaiming that the State Federation of Labor (AFL) was for him. Other placards announced the endorsement of three locals of the CIO United Steelworkers. The CIO Political Action Committee plumped for the entire Democratic slate despite the fact that Representative Virgil Chapman, Democratic senatorial nominee, voted for the T-H Act. So did Senator John Sherman Cooper, Republican incumbent.

In Missouri nearly every union is supporting Truman and Forrest Smith, Democratic nominee for Governor, against a Republican nominee who helped write Missouri's "Little Taft-Hartley Act" last year. In Arizona the shrewdest political reporter in the state says that AFL support of Truman and other Democratic candidates is likely to prove the balance of power next November 2.

SPY SCARES GET VOTES

The Un-American Activities Committee's widely advertised report on atomic espionage has had one healthy effect. It has brought into public view the fact that the committee is concerned less with tracking down spies than with affecting the November election returns.

The Department of Justice finally was stung into openly making such a charge against the committee. And the Department was able to document the accusation more convincingly than Truman himself has with his talk of red herrings.

Study of the atomic-espionage report "indicates that it is little more than a release of confidential investigative reports of government agencies," the Justice Department declared. The Department on two separate occasions had studied the same material and decided "that the evidence was insufficient for successful prosecution." In other words, Justice's evaluation of the evidence disagreed with that of the committee on the possibilities of prosecution. The Department, it should be observed, is staffed with trained lawyers. The committee's chief adviser, Robert Stripling, never finished law school.

The Department went on, however, to make a more damaging charge against the committee's motives. The evidence based on "leaks," it said, had been in the committee's hands for more than a year, yet Representative J. Parnell Thomas waited until a few weeks before the election to declare publicly that the Department was lax in its prosecutions.

As if to prove the Department's charge of political motives, Thomas the same day issued an open letter to the President accusing him and Attorney General Clark of obstructing the committee's work. "I do not intend to be deterred or intimidated," said Thomas, borrowing a phrase that so many of his own victims have used.

By publicly addressing the President and attacking the Administration, Thomas was trying to cast himself in the brave role of a spy hunter battling not only Communist agents but also an administration strangely unwilling to go after foreign agents. Such a figure would be attractive to voters. Thomas has said frankly that he would not make a personal campaign in his own New Jersey district this year, but would depend on the committee's activities to campaign for him.

The actual content of the committee's report, which in advance promised "shocking" revelations, was disappointing. It offered stories about the machinations of Steve Nelson, Communist Party organizer in Pennsylvania, and three other persons, describing circumstances in which they could have transmitted secrets if such secrets had been in their possession. But never did the report demonstrate conclusively that actual secrets had been stolen, that they were in the possession of these particular persons, that any information had been transmitted to agents or that secrets had left this country.

The Murder of George Polk

LAST MAY an able and courageous American reporter, George Polk, was murdered in Salonika, Greece. The men who killed him are still free. If they are not found and punished, they and others like them all over the world will keep on pointing guns at the very heart of the democratic process—at the search for truth.

As Ernest Hemingway, Norman Corwin and Homer Bigart point out, "If the George Polk story is allowed to die, it will be a victory for all those who believe a story can be killed by killing the man who gets it."

We entirely agree and we call upon the readers of the *New Republic* to join in the effort to investigate the Polk crime by making contributions to the Newsmen's Commission to Investigate the Murder of George Polk. Three men are to be sent to Greece and $9,000 more is needed for their expenses. The men are John Donovan, NBC Middle East correspondent and close friend of Polk; William Polk, the murdered man's brother; and Constantine Poulos, veteran US correspondent in Greece. They will be representing the American War Correspondents' Association, the New York Newspaper Guild, the Foreign Press Association, and the National Union of Journalists of London. Contributions should be sent to the Commission at 133 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

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ESTES KEFAUVER IN TENNESSEE

This is the third of a special series on critical battles of the 1948 election. If New Republic readers wish to contribute to Estes Kefauver's campaign, contributions may be sent to Charles G. Neese, 228 Federal Building, Chattanooga, Tennessee. — The Editors

NASHVILLE (NR correspondent)

BY CONVENTIONAL STANDARDS Estes Kefauver had everything against him in trying for the Democratic senatorial nomination in Tennessee—a militantly liberal voting record in the House, the opposition of Boss Ed Crump, and a name difficult to pronounce. (It's Key-faw-ver.) The fact that he won over such odds has given progressivism in the South a real shot in the arm. Kefauver proved that the old Bourbon-Big Business alliance is not unbeatable and that younger voters and former stay-at-homes have it in their power to restore democracy.

FRASCONI

Six-foot-three Kefauver has such vigor that newspapers had to assign shifts of reporters to cover his campaign. And his directness and simplicity have caused some newspapers and a lot of voters to face up to issues that most politicians consider too hot to handle.

Even for Boss Crump, who seldom bars a hold, the campaign he directed against Kefauver was extraordinarily bitter. He took full-page ads in every daily and weekly in the state to smear Kefauver with communism, the race issue, betrayal of the South and close identification with "Northern radicals." Crump was right in thinking he would stir the voters of Tennessee, but they did not respond in the way he had anticipated.

By the thousands they flocked to see the man Crump was castigating. They tuned in their radios to hear him, and Kefauver seized this Crump-sent opportunity to put on a remarkable campaign. A five-month handshaking tour took him into every one of Tennessee's 95 counties. He opened his speaking campaign with a radio talk on "The Mistakes I Have Made," an unheard of approach that started people talking from Carter to Shelby. His Nashville campaign headquarters distinguished itself for moderation and for application to the real issues.

Kefauver countered Crump's smears boldly, defending his vote against the T-H Act and his liberal views on the poll tax and civil liberties in a way that Southerners seldom dare. He never hedged or tried to take refuge in obscurantism. Avoiding personalities as much as possible, he plugged for the protection of the TVA, the need for price control, the promotion of the Marshall Plan, and hit hard at the record of the Un-American Activities Committee, the abuses of the Senate filibuster and the antiquity of congressional organization.

On the matter of campaign expenditures he made a detailed report showing exactly how his modest funds had been spent, a report in considerable contrast with the vague, unintelligible ones filed by his opponents. This harmonized with the impression of rugged honesty and straightforwardness that he made wherever he went.

Though Kefauver is calm and usually very serious, he has his moments of humor on the Will Rogers pattern. When Crump likened him to a pet coon looking innocent while stealing everything he could lay his paws on, Kefauver got himself a live coon, named it D. Boon and took it everywhere. He put on a coonskin cap and a fringed deerskin jacket and called for a revival of the independent pioneer spirit. Such defiance of Crump delighted nearly everybody. His pretty, Scottish-born wife, Nancy, went everywhere with him, unobtrusively writing down the names of all his callers so he wouldn't forget them, and the three little Kefauver girls, ranging from seven months to six years, presented an attractive family-group picture that Tennesseans liked.

Crump's candidate, Judge John Mitchell, had the machine support of state and federal officeholders, old Senator Kenneth McKellar and the Big Business boys, along with the Nashville *Banner*, the Knoxville *Journal* and the Chattanooga *News-Free Press*, three reactionary newspapers which are almost openly Republican. Supporting Kefauver were the Nashville *Tennessean*, the Chattanooga *Times*, the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, liberals, independents, war veterans, new voters and labor, the last strong only in Chattanooga.

One of the nicest things about Kefauver is that he is not a political sport but a natural product of the basic progressivism of the ordinary people with whom he identifies himself. They have been leaderless or deprived of a voice in the government by poll taxes, political machines and the privileged few. When they were convinced of Kefauver's honesty and courage they took to him in both farms and cities.

Ordinarily one victory would be enough in a Southern Democratic state. But now Kefauver is being forced into a second campaign by his Republican opponent, B. Carroll Reece, the wealthy ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee. Reece fully expects to rally all the conservatives, Democratic and Republican, to his side. To give his campaign some popular appeal he has teamed up with that Grand Ole Opry entertainer, Roy Acuff, the Republican candidate for Governor. Acuff's mountain-music boys draw crowds everywhere, so Reece has good audiences. But no one knows yet how far Boss Crump will go to beat the man who has beaten the Crump machine and promised Tennessee representation in the Senate by a liberal of vision and courage.

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CANNIBALISM IN THE CIO

THE CIO, which seldom is tranquil, has a new crisis. Cannibalism is setting in.

The trouble could, if the worst happened, result in open fratricidal warfare. Already some international unions are swallowing shops, locals and even whole divisions of other international unions.

The number of union members in the process of being cannibalized is small compared with the total membership of the CIO. The danger to the CIO is, rather, that ominous precedents will be established and that all unions will grow mistrustful of one another and therefore unwilling to cooperate.

In the past year, the Farm Equipment Workers' Union has lost 40 percent of its membership to the UAW. The Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have lost at least 25,000 members to the Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, and are about to lose an additional 30,000 die-casters. The United Electrical Workers have dropped 24,000 to the UAW and are hard-pressed in locals holding thousands more. Several smaller internationals like the United Furniture Workers; the Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers; the American Communications Association; the United Office and Professional Workers; and the United Public Workers are in the same plight.

In anger and bitterness, the victim unions are accusing their raiding brothers of racketeering, power madness, betrayal, and even "company unionism, 1948 style." Their opponents are replying in kind. The national CIO leadership is so worried and embarrassed that Director of Organization Allen S. Haywood has told the press bluntly that the "matter is too delicate to discuss."

In the immediate sense, it was the Taft-Hartley Act which started the trouble. All of the raided unions (except Farm Equipment, which recently locked the barn door after the horse was stolen) have refused to sign the Taft-Hartley non-Communist affidavits. Whether their refusal to comply was a matter of principle or necessity, or both, they are paying a heavy price. Non-compliance is inviting defections from their ranks.

Most workers joined the CIO under the protection of the Wagner Act. Though their trade unionism did not come easily, it relied heavily on the government and the law. But under the Taft-Hartley Act, non-complying unions are denied access to the National Labor Relations Board. At best they cannot use the law. At worst, the law can be used against them.

This implies a pre-Roosevelt kind of union organizing—an unfamiliar brand of hardship, prolonged recognition strikes and the risk of ultimate destruction. Many workers are willing to face this. To others it seems an unnecessary burden. Bad as the present NLRB may be, they consider it better than nothing in their desperate battles with employers and prices. If they can shift affiliation to a complying union and still remain within the CIO, they think they will be better off. They are finding now that they can. More than that, some of the largest CIO internationals are making it easier for them.

No matter how you look at it, this is raiding, and raiding has always been a hated word in the CIO. The readiness of responsible CIO unions to take advantage of their fellow unions' plight and conduct these raids leaves them open to the ugly charge of opportunism. But the very fact of this readiness, and particularly of the workers' willingness to *be* raided, indicates that there is something deeper involved than the simple issue of non-compliance. The cue here is that unions like Philip Murray's Steelworkers, although they have not signed Taft-Hartley affidavits, have not been touched by raids. The only victims have been unions dominated by the Left. Behind the issue of compliance is the fight between Left and Right for control of the CIO. For if all the workers in these left-wing unions agreed with their leadership on every question of policy, it is extremely doubtful that they would secede from such unions on the issue of non-compliance alone.

The Left is accusing the Right of bad ethics. But the Right in turn is accusing the Left of bad politics, which apparently is the greater sin. The refusal of die-hard left-wing unions to support the Marshall Plan and, even more important, their insistence on supporting Henry Wallace's Progressive Party in spite of national CIO policy, have made them vulnerable. Many rank-and-file members, because of sharp disagreement with their leadership over these questions, are more receptive to the marauding unions than they would otherwise be. And it does not help much to point out to these workers that the invaders are violating CIO organizational policy, so long as their own leaders are rejecting CIO political policy.

Certainly the workers who do make the switch tend to be apologetic about it, and sensitive to the accusation that they are running away from a fight. Raiding unions like the UAW share this to a degree. Their excuses are: first, that the left-wing unions' politics are driving the workers away; second, that their non-compliance leaves these workers the choice of either having no union, or an AFL union, or finding another home in the CIO; third, that they are not actually raiding, since they do not go to the workers, but the workers come to them. As one UAW organizer points out: "Of course we help them decide to make the switch. In order to have corn you must sow seeds. But if you sowed the seeds in rock, you would have no corn."

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Shamefaced or not, there is little doubt that the UAW and other anti-Communist unions will continue to press their drive. The results will not be an unmixed blessing for them. The Left, already seriously weakened, probably will suffer further losses in the next few months. But the process is wrecking the whole structure of the CIO. Left-wing unions like the UE will not take this without a fight, and indeed they have already carried their fight to the national CIO executive, with imperative demands for relief.

This has put Philip Murray and his board in a delicate dilemma. They don't like raiding. In one such recent dispute between Mine and Mill and the Shipbuilding Workers, a board committee stated sternly: "No local union has any legal or moral right to secede from its international union.... It is just out of the question for anyone who understands the principles of organized labor to promote secession from any International Union affiliated with the CIO."

But the CIO has no powers of enforcement over jurisdictional disputes of this kind; it has only moral suasion. Even if it had such powers, it might not exercise them. Unions like the UAW are too strong to take orders. Moreover, in their political objectives, both Murray and the majority of his board see eye to eye with him.

Nevertheless, failure to stop the process may mean a shattering schism in CIO ranks—a schism that might prove fatal when the big anti-labor guns start shooting after the November elections.

TAFT-HARTLEY'S HAVOC IN HARTFORD

by Claire Neikind

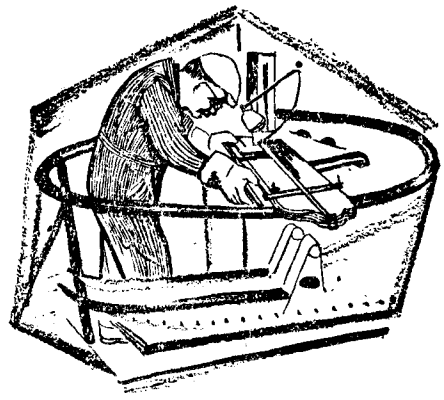
HARTFORD

THIS IS THE CITY that will sell you insurance against almost anything in the world except the Hartford Manufacturers' Association. Capital of the state of Connecticut, insurance center of America, its industrialists have given it the added distinction of being always among the first to cut wages and the last to raise them. And whenever new ways have been found to break unions, they have been right in there pitching.

Their hired labor spies smashed the AFL after World War I. By and large they kept industrial unionism out of the city until the beginning of World War II. If, at that time, the CIO came as an unpleasant surprise, they accepted it with comparative grace. They were too preoccupied with fat war contracts to give it their full attention. But the problem was only tabled until the war was over. It's on the agenda now.

Anyone familiar with Hartford's labor history might have expected that, since the war's end, industrialists here would have taken the most direct and unrestricted measures to kill their unwanted war baby. They have not done so—not because they don't want to destroy the CIO, but because they have been counting on it to destroy itself.

For a while it looked as if the CIO might oblige. It has been torn by virulent warfare between Communists and anti-Communists ever since it was born here. The struggle has thrown a



shadow over the labor movement all over the state. This spring and summer it reached a climax unequaled elsewhere in the country. The final pitched battle between Right and Left included everything from shining morality to moral obscenity, from brilliance to blundering, from Wagner to Taft-Hartley, from Washington to Moscow, from Dewey to Wallace. In microcosm it is the story of American labor today.

For the time being, the Right has won. But the true measure of its victory can only be taken in the months to come.

Five years ago, the left-wing United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO, controlled most organized labor in Hartford. Today almost their entire membership has gone over to the United Auto Workers, CIO. From 10,000 members here last year, the UE has dropped to fewer than 700. In every shop and local where the shift was made, it was voted overwhelmingly by the rank and file.

The first local to lead the anti-UE exodus in March of this year was Unity Lodge. Representing 1,700 workers in the Pratt and Whitney division of Niles-Bement-Pond, it had pioneered for the CIO as early as 1937. At that time it went into the UAW, but during that union's Homer Martin wrangle, the UE came in and took over. From then on, Hartford became a UE town.

Unity Lodge workers, largely of Irish, Polish and Italian origin, are predominantly Catholic, in varying degrees always hostile to the extreme Left. Until 1945, however, although they tangled frequently with UE leaders over political questions, they stayed in line. The main reason was their fundamental unity of aim. The UE had been one of the most vigorous pro-war organizations in America. It had respected the no-strike pledge religiously; it had led the way for labor-management production committees; it had given unreserved support to Roosevelt. It had coöperated with the War Labor Board and won significant gains for its members, without recourse to strikes.

But with the end of the war trouble began. From then on, this is the story Local President William Lawlor has to tell.

"Back in 1945," he says, "Neil

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Brandt [a UE International Representative] comes to a conference from Washington and tells us, 'Know your Chamber of Commerce. Make friends.' Then all of a sudden everything changes. In the UE *News* they begin to talk strike, and hint about a third party and American imperialism. They begin to tighten up and let us understand that we're either with them 100-percent or against them 100-percent. We spent so much time fighting about this stuff that we could hardly take care of our workers' interests. And don't think the company wasn't wise to *that!*

"Then the Taft-Hartley issue came up. We fought like hell against it, but it passed. And the UE refused to sign the non-Communist affidavits. That meant the company could refuse to deal with our union. If it refused, no Labor Board would help us. It would mean strike.

"Now, we had a five-and-a-half-month strike for wages in 1946, and striking is no Fourth of July picnic. We'll strike again for wages if we have to. But no strike just for recognition, not if we can help it. Especially since we don't agree with the leaders of this union anyhow. They're against the Marshall Plan and for Wallace and we're just the other way around. So we decided to chuck the UE. The UAW said they would have us, and in we went."

When the United Lodge local leadership made that decision, the lid on Hartford labor blew off. The UE accused the UAW of unprincipled raiding and "company unionism, 1948 style." It charged the local officers with mishandling funds, with sell-outs, with back-room deals with management and the Manufacturers' Association. When the matter came to a vote, the UE was denied access to the meeting. The workers backed up their union's leadership by an almost unanimous vote.

Having lost the battle with the rank and file, the UE went to the courts, asking injunctions against the local leadership to prevent them "from organizing and influencing the workers against the UE." It demanded the tie-up of check-off funds and control of the local's property. The money is still being held in escrow.

Directly after the Unity Lodge decision, the Royal Typewriter local followed suit. So did Henry and Wright, Federal Electric, Cushman-Chuck, and finally Colt's.

In the Colt case, the Manufacturers' Association made its first public venture onto the battlefields. In a letter to the union, dated May 14, the Colt management stated:

> There have been clear indications in recent months that the relations we have had with the UE are deteriorating. Whether to attribute this to the influence the left-wing faction apparently holds on some of its members, or to the secession movement of many UE locals from the parent UE, we are unable to determine.
>
> The Colt company must be prepared to again produce material for the armed forces. We are certain the vast majority of our employees realize it is our duty and in their interest to eliminate now every possible obstruction to full production. For the foregoing reasons, the company has decided to terminate its agreement with the UE as of its expiration date. . . .

A subsequent notice on plant bulletin boards expressed the company's willingness to deal with any union certified by the NLRB. Since the UE, by virtue of its non-compliance, could not appear on a Labor Board ballot, the issue, the Colt workers felt, was clear. They would either strike, or have no union, or an AFL union, or some other part of the CIO. They decided to go UAW.

In the Colt case, as in all the others, the immediate excuse for the bolt was the UE's non-compliance with the non-Communist affidavit required by the T-H Act. To a great many of the workers involved, this issue alone would have been enough. The historic attitude of Hartford's employers had given them little cause to believe management would not use such an issue to break their unions. A few miles away, in New Britain, the UE American Hardware Workers had tried a five-week recognition strike and failed, leaving them with no union at all. In Bridgeport, non-compliance had forced the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers off the ballot, and the AFL had won. And in several smaller shops, the UE's reliance on management's mercy for its continued existence had resulted in miserable contracts, with loss of union security and few or no wage increases.

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH OLDS

But talks with workers at the shop gates indicate that non-compliance was only one of the reasons for the change. They said they were "sick and tired of the UE" because "it is getting too strike-happy. . . . It is always bringing in outside issues. . . . It's always maneuvering for power. . . . It wants to wreck the Marshall Plan. . . . It supports Wallace, and that

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means the Republicans in the White House."

Among these workers there is a liberal sprinkling of professional Communist-baiters. But this is not true of the majority. Nor, from all indications, has it been true of the UAW representatives like Mike Sveridoff who helped lead the revolt. These men have not indulged in a world Red-baiting orgy. Indeed, they are fighting "the dead hand of the professional anti-Communists" in their union affairs.

They are men who, for the most part, became trade-unionists during the war, and whose unionism has tended far more in the direction of Philip Murray and Walter Reuther than toward the minority left-wing CIO stream. They are not deeply philosophical or acutely ideological trade-unionists. They are not super-militants. They will fight hard for direct, immediate goals, but not for abstractions. They have a deep distaste for and suspicion of what they call the "outside issues," the broad political questions. Part of their genuine anger against the Left over the Wallace issue arises from the belief that the Progressive Party will help to guarantee a Republican Congress as well as a Republican President.

This issue has been one of the most important factors in the fight. In the Hartford-area race for Congress, the Republican candidate is William Miller, who not only supports the Taft- Hartley Act but wants to change the Wage-Hour Act to forbid payment of overtime for a work week of fewer than 44 hours. His Democratic opponent is Judge A. A. Rubicoff, a consistent New Dealer with an outstanding labor record in his two terms in the state senate. The difference between victory and defeat in this race may depend on less than five percent of the vote. And the Progressive Party has put a candidate in the field.

In the state-senate contest, the Democrats have put up Pat Ward, an old-time Colt worker who was elected for his first term with UE support and who, although violently anti-Communist now, has an unspotted voting record. The Progressives are not only running a man against him, but that man is in the Royal local, which has been right in the middle of the crisis.

It must be pointed out that in all likelihood many of the workers would not have moved to abandon the UE if they had not been encouraged to do so. Over the course of the years their disagreement with UE policy and tactics had grown sharper. But they had kept their fight within the international's walls, some of them under the direction of James B. Carey's Members for Democratic Action group. According to the UE representatives in Connecticut, the plan to move out was national in objective and sinister in execution. They charge the UAW with seeking to fatten on its fellow unions' struggle for a principle, with plotting to destroy the UE and other left-wing international unions.

They charge that the issue of non-compliance is a myth created by the UAW to provide a pretext for its raiding, that the UE has been able to hold its major contracts in General Electric and Westinghouse intact, despite its non-compliance, and that the workers would have realized this if "racketeers and dictators" hadn't stopped their ears to the UE case.

They claim, moreover, that in their raging hatred for communism, the workers' local leaders have "gone over to the company," and that management is thereby enabled to blackmail them on the Communist issue for the rest of their lives. They insist that even if these leaders want to fight back at this, they will not know how, since "they are the boneless products of wartime trade unionism, fed on War Labor Board pap, and when the government props are pulled out from under them, they'll fall flat on their backs." They conclude that once the Left is forcibly ejected from any union, democracy in that union will die.

To anyone who has studied the case, these charges seem extravagant. But some of them have a certain validity. There is little doubt that the UAW nationally has taken strong strategic advantage of the UE's present weakness for its own enrichment. Nor is there much doubt that it would like to go

further if it could. There are signs also that while the purge of the Left has temporarily strengthened the unity of these workers, it has encouraged a tendency to complacency.

The leaders of the newly purged movement are aware of this and worried about it. They realize, as many of the rank and file do not, that if the first objective of the Taft-Hartley Act was the left-wing unions, its second and greater goal was the destruction of the entire labor movement. They are fearful in the knowledge that the full wrath of the Act is yet to come and that under a Republican administration they will need every ounce of their militancy and ingenuity to keep from going under. They know, moreover, that in keeping with its best anti-labor traditions, the Hartford Manufacturers' Association has taken every advantage of the schism between Communist and anti-Communist workers and will continue to do so.

According to a UE organizer, this is proof, straight from the horse's mouth, that "no decent trade union can be built on an anti-Communist bias. It can only be done on an anti-capitalist bias."

But according to the most alert leaders of the workers here, the Hartford experiment "is going to prove that good unionism does not depend on agreement with the Communist Party. We couldn't build a union with them, so now we will do it without them. We are going to build militant, progressive trade unions here, Communist and capitalist both to the contrary notwithstanding."

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BERLIN DREADS THE WINTER

For millions of Berliners shivering in the crowded ruins, the cold war is literal and grim; fear and hate are physical realities

by Percy Winner

BERLIN

HERE IN THIS great ruined capital of what was to have been a master empire built to last a thousand years, the cold war isn't figurative, casual, hackneyed; here it is literal, serious, grim. It means the actual physical threat present every minute, every day and every night, of numbing cold and maiming war. Fear is a physical reality almost palpable in the atmosphere these autumn days as Berlin more and more takes on the aspect of a fortress both besieged and divided within itself. It breaks through the defiant, desperate hope that the Americans *will* stay, that the air-lift *will* continue through the winter and that things will *not* be as bad as they might be.

One can see the fear in the faces of Berliners, hear it in their voices, almost smell and taste it when the evening wind from the Russian north and east swirls through the ruins, lifting gritty dust from the rubble. After dusk, when the Berliners huddle in their overcrowded rooms by candlelight, when the streets are deserted except for the four nations' military patrols, the city might be a vast camp of prisoners of war wondering whether they will be liberated or left to the mercy of the nation whose Mongols and Tartars only three years ago ran amok in an orgy of rape and rapine. Hate, too, is physical.

Nights are growing chilly, and every Berliner knows that when the hard winter comes he will be at best cold and hungry. Endlessly the motors drone overhead, but the Berliner hears the Yak fighters as well as the Skymasters and Dakotas, and fears he will have no coal and less food than during any previous winter since the end of the war—there are rumors that there will be no space heating, that is, no heating of places where ordinary people live. He likes to keep clean, and fears there will be even less soap. He enjoys working, and looks forward with dread to living on some sort of dole. But worst of all he fears that he will be left alone with the Russians.

There are nearly three and one-half million human beings in this city. The great mystery about them is how they, already acutely hungry and increasingly uneasy, will stand up to the conditions of the winter. There are signs that there may be trouble, for some Berliners of the Western sectors are beginning to act as practically no Berliners acted under the Nazis or, for that matter, for generations before: they are manifesting open defiance of men in authority—the Russians—not only in words but in deeds.

Whether or not those Americans who believe Berliners are acquiring a taste for democracy are right, this fact is of great importance. Perhaps it is only the ancient Teutonic contempt for the Slavs, underlying the present fear and hatred of the Russians, that is responsible. Yet the fact is that a German risked his life by tearing down the Soviet flag from the Brandenburg Gate. Germans without arms struck at armed Russians, and were wounded. And tens of thousands of Germans—men who must stay here if the Americans leave—showed themselves openly, letting themselves be photographed by the MVD, as they paraded defiantly through the Soviet sector. There might be wholesale panic if the Westerners left, but some Berliners would fight and die. And if the Americans stay through this winter, there may be trouble in the American and British sectors unless the Westerners have the good sense to share the hardships of the winter with the Berliners.

Already the Russians are taking advantage of the present difficult situation: more potatoes (the staple of the German diet) and more food of various kinds, especially greens and fruit, are being drained from the Germans in the Soviet zone and made available to Berliners in the Soviet sector of the city. Russian tactics have been grotesquely bad here from the start, but in propaganda the Soviets are better than we are; they know how to exploit an alternation between fear and hope; above all, they have been quick to take advantage of our errors both of omission and commission. When winter comes, the difference between our standard of living here and that of the Berliners (called with unwitting tactlessness the "indigenous population"), already great, will become greater. It will be one of the major Soviet propaganda "lines."

The estimate of the size of the Berlin population comes from experts, but you find it hard to believe. You can't figure out—nor can the officials help you much—how so many human beings can live among those fantastic ruins. You can travel by jeep at a fast clip through the streets for hours—literally for hours, because this is a large, sprawling city of great distances—and pass mile upon mile of uninhabitable houses. Not even the lovely suburbs around the outlying lakes, used as residential quarters by all four of the occupying powers, are intact. Two-thirds of the population lives in the Western sectors, and you find it hard to understand how until you enter houses and see several families living in a single room. You sit with an old porter in the concierge's lodge of the Stadthaus and see him make a meal of a single raw potato the size of a lemon and a pinch of salt; in the early morning, you tour the neighborhood "free" markets and notice the absence of food; but when you watch the children (the disproportion of children and women in relation to mature men is striking) you see how sturdy, healthy and happy they seem to be, and you are faced with another of the mysteries of Berlin in the fourth year of "freedom" and the fifth month of siege.

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There are completely dead areas of the city without a single house left standing for blocks. Typical of these is the neighborhood of Luetzowplatz, once an upper-middle-class residential area. The center of the city's peacetime official life, from the Tiergarten, at the head of Unter den Linden, to Alexanderplatz, is now a monumental graveyard. It is as if there were not a single building left habitable in New York from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, or from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-ninth Streets. Everywhere in the main part of the city (most of which is in the Soviet sector) there are imposing shells such as the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, the State Library, the Reichstag and the Reichs Chancellory (stripped of its beautiful internal pink marble to be used for a Soviet memorial). Imagine in New York St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Public Library, the buildings of Rockefeller Center and dozens more reduced to broken walls. Only Warsaw, Dresden and a few other cities in Europe are more impressive tributes to the effectiveness of air power.

The neighborhood where the Americans live and work extends from the charming environs of the Grosser Wannsee through Nikolassee, Schlachtensee, Zehlendorf and Dahlen. Here the worst damage is in Lichterfelde and Lankwitz; and in the patches reasonably unscathed, some 78 percent of the houses have been requisitioned by the American authorities. You drive in a jeep through Steglitz, Friedenau and Schöneberg to the Potsdamer Platz. The business activity that used to exist in the ruined center of the city off the Leipzigerstrasse has been transferred to one long street running through the American sector, called variously Berlinerstrasse, Unter den Eichen, Schlossstrasse, Rheinstrasse, Haupstrasse and Potsdamerstrasse. There are shops, but most of them have fronts that would fit better in the environment of an American slum, and the wares in the windows are scanty and uninviting.

The British also have their fine residential district on the fringes of the Grunewald. You pass through their sector along the majestic Ost West Achsee and find in the Kurfürstendamm and the Tanentzien, lined with ruins, only a squalid version of the magnificence that once was identified with these famous thoroughfares. The Tiergarten particularly, with small truck-garden plots and a profusion of sunflowers taking the place of the fine trees of the old days, is sadly symbolic of the cost of the Nazi version of the Furor Teutonicus. The French are in the garden suburbs on the north, while in the beautiful suburbs of the east—from Karlshorst and Weissensee to the Grosser Muggelsee—the Soviet hierarchs take their uneasy ease, leaving for the desperately poor Berliners under their heavy-handed control the crowded tenements off the Kronenstrasse. The suburb called Kleinmachnow in the Soviet zone just outside American Zehlendorf is known as "hunger town."

Since the Western currency reform, there has been a 20-percent increase in production in the American zone, and cities like Stuttgart, Munich, Frankfurt, towns like Garmisch, compare favorably with those in France and Italy. There is a boom in building. Shops are open, full of goods and doing a brisk business. There are signs of growing stability and hopefulness. The opposite is true here in Berlin. In the Western sectors there are practically no potatoes. The children get no fresh milk, and eggs are very scarce. The street markets are melancholy versions of particularly shabby flea fairs. You can buy pins and pickles; combs and paper bags; rubber heels, shoe laces and wooden buttons; scraps of thread for mending, and kitchen knives, all of the poorest quality—an American five-and-dime store would be ashamed to stock them. Piles of dark gray scraps of noodles, sandy-looking rat cheese, scrappy heads of cabbage and stringy salad greens are the kind of food offered for sale, and not cheaply. On the other hand, there are quantities of flowers—an old woman told me flowers helped you keep up your courage.

The only crowded places on the pavements of the main streets are those in front of the Wechelstube—the places where Western-sector Deutsche marks and East marks are exchanged—and, of course, on the blocks where the black marketeers operate. Of all the cities of the world of the West, Berlin is the one that has changed least since war ended.

Every day rumors sweep through the city: one day it is said that the American Superforts arriving in England have brought atom bombs; another day that a Russian officer in civilian dress, pretending to be drunk, was

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caught at a power plant in the French sector just before he was able to sabotage the machinery. These the Berliners exchange among themselves but without excitement: fear is quiet when you live with it all the time. When you are really afraid, you try to act as if you weren't. When you live in an occupied city, the subjects of armies that may clash at any moment, you try to act as if they weren't there. You hate the Russians most, but your attitude toward the Americans isn't love. They, too, are the representatives of an occupying power; you dislike them as such if not as individuals and, when you have the courage to be hopeful, you look forward to the day when they will follow the Russians out of Berlin.

Officially no clothing is available. The women on the streets at any hour of the day might be charwomen going to their early-morning chores. The black market is the source of things to wear, and the supply is limited not only by the capacity to pay but by the ability to find, and by skill at bargaining. Often one is lucky to find anything at all, especially since the land-surface blockade has cut off the supply from outside the city. Women use parts of old garments to make new ones. Shoes are extremely bad—a large proportion of children go barefooted. No leather for mending is available except on the black market, and you see shoes, often entirely home-made, of various kinds of ersatz material, soled with straw or wood. Women's stockings practically don't exist. On the black market a pair costs about 12 D-marks (the theoretical rate of exchange is three D-marks to the US dollar). Men's socks cost 9 or 10 marks; women's shoes 80; men's 100 to 120—prices quite out of the reach of ordinary folk. All the women you see in the streets wear cotton dresses. Old silk is seen, but almost no wool. There are few women's hats, and the men, when they wear them at all, use ancient headgear—the proportion of sports-type and Sunday-go-to-church hats is high because they came out of the cupboards after the ordinary hats had fallen to pieces. Thread for mending is available on the legal rations about once in three months. Most of the overcoats that will soon be sorely needed will be made of old army blankets.

So far as food is concerned, there are in general two categories of Berliners: those few who have far too much, and the great majority who have too little. The first, of course, are the black-marketeering new rich who eat three fine meals daily, with meat, fish, wine and liquors. The others don't know what they will have to eat on the morrow. The usual breakfast is a couple of slices of dark bread with ersatz coffee, made of grain, and no sugar or margarine. At midday there may be potatoes, if they are available, with some fatty, pasty sauce, a thin soup and cabbage; these, too, if they are available. A great problem is the lack of gas pressure, which makes cooking a trial. In the evening, at the main meal of the day, there may be a thick soup often made with pea powder or similar stuff, some greens, usually cabbage, and a bit of pork or some canned American meat. Seldom is fresh meat available, and for the ordinary Berliners there is never any beef or veal. Families who keep chickens have eggs; there are none for sale. The summer supply, not plentiful this year, of cucumbers, tomatoes, string beans and peas has run out.

There are five categories of rations. The first is for heavy workers; the second, for manual workers and the employees of the occupiers; the third, for the rest of the adult working population. Children are in a fourth category, and one for young children provides milk powder. On rations are food pastes, meat, animal fat, bread, potatoes, sugar, ersatz coffee, vegetables, soap, occasionally some fruit.

In my own billet, I could not get my clothes washed until I had provided soap from the Army Post Exchange. My landlady acted as if I were giving her a treasure when I brought some matches to her. Cigarettes still are the most valuable medium of exchange. I won the hearts of the telegraphers in the United States Press Center when I consented to let them take the cigarette butts from my ashtray. Probably 80 percent of the children of Berlin have never tasted chocolate. The great delicacy is a kind of sickly-sweet lollipop, made of something other than sugar, either cane or beet, and lasting not all day but twenty minutes or so with the exercise of great self-discipline. All this applies to Berlin but not to the countryside of the American and British zones, where people live perhaps better than they do in France, England and Italy.

Because of the great distances here, transportation is a serious problem. There are many

DRAWINGS BY STEFANELLI

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bicycles, especially in the suburbs. In the center of the city, the surface railway is running, but the U-Bahn (subway) and buses function only in the Western sectors. The central power plant of the S-Bahn is controlled by the Russians, who also command the stations in all sectors. At times power is cut off for days on end, and when the trains run, the intervals between them have been increased to twenty minutes. In the crowds you see at the stops of the buses, there are always men with shabby briefcases—one carries one's food. Because of the shortage of coal, electric power is available for only a few hours in the morning and evening. Even in the American billets, the lights go out at eleven o'clock.

Only the new rich among the Berliners have a regular supply of hot water. In the woods on the outskirts of the city and on the road, you see old men and women picking sticks of wood and dragging them home on carts. Cold and hunger are great levelers: under their influence, the old social class lines among the Berliners have broken down. In the presence of the cold war, there no longer is any class war. Still the poor are not the unwashed here. Somehow, despite the absence of soap, the people seem clean, and the city itself is remarkably clean—that is, except for the rubble. At least as many men as women are working. Indeed, the greatest unemployment and idleness is among the men, since there are no jobs except as employees of the occupiers and as black marketeers. There is not enough raw material to keep either industry or trade going.

The currency reform which started a boom in the Western zones has seriously worsened the economic situation of many Berliners, especially those working for the occupiers and for German companies on fixed wages. Thus Berliners both bless the air-lift and curse the Americans for being responsible for the blockade. They both pray that the Americans will remain here and blame them for increased tensions.

In effect, currency reform brought disaster to many little people whose standards had before been at least livable. Those most seriously affected were the employees of the Westerners. Prices went up while wages were not adequately adjusted. In cases of employees of Germans, wages were cut and many persons were forced to quit their jobs because they weren't able to get the energy to work on the food they could buy with their wages. Before the reform, theatres, movies, concerts, bars, restaurants and night clubs were beginning to function, and some Berliners in addition to the black marketeers were able to enjoy themselves. Now there is a general slump. Though it isn't reasonable, it is human to blame the Westerners. The old rule applies, enemies have rights; friends have only duties.

The use of the word friendship, in connection with the relations of Berliners to the Westerners, especially the Americans, is only relative. At the start, *all* the occupiers were enemies. The Russians became the enemy by their tactics in 1945 and 1946. When most Berliners think of Russians, they don't think of ideologies; they think concretely of the Russians here and what they have done. The central fact about what might be called the political-emotional attitude of the Berliners among themselves is that the tensions that existed previously—social, economic, political, even personal—have tended to become subordinate in the presence of greater tensions between the foreigners and all classes and kinds of Germans. This is not to say that there isn't a deep human split among the inhabitants of this besieged fortress; but it is a division between the small minority of the SED and the much larger minority of the SPD and other middle-of-the-road parties.

Thus two minorities, one speaking for the East, the other for the West, fight each other; and the rest of the population, while generally more sympathetic to the West, feels both are pawns and tools of foreigners. Even the leaders of the SPD are convinced that no durable kind of liberal democracy can be created here while the

foreigners remain in Germany. Some of these leaders are far from impressive. For example, there is Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg, the Acting Mayor, who despite his convictions is an almost classic example of the type of German who whines for protection against the Russians and at the same time talks arrogantly about the shortcomings of the Americans. It was the Americans who took risks to save Western-sector policemen whom he had foolishly introduced into the Stadthaus early last month. Yet, only a few days later, Friedensburg said to me, "Your captains and majors are interfering in details of our life that shouldn't concern them. Your occupation is corrupting our people." The old German nationalism, he admitted, was increasing, but whereas he put all the blame on the occupation, it is plain that the fault is at least as much his and that of other Berliners like him.

The Russians here no longer rape and loot. On the contrary, many of them try hard to be decent to the Ber-

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liners. But there is the memory of the past. Then there is the fact that in Berliners' eyes the Russians are uncivilized barbarians who don't know how to use a bathroom, who don't mind being dirty, who live unquestioningly on a low standard of material existence. None of the old anti-fraternization rules exists in any of the sectors (though in the French and British, the distance between victors and vanquished is maintained) and the Russian individuals consort freely with the "natives." But the Russian officials don't permit marriages with German women and won't legitimize the offspring of common-law marriages.

Moreover, the Russians are unpredictable. A girl can go weeping to a Russian military post and complain that a Red Army man attacked her and stole her bicycle. The men at the post will dry her tears and sympathize with her, promising to get back her bicycle. They do; but they attack another German girl and take *her* bicycle to carry out their act of kindness.

The most important fact underlying tension is simply fear. The Russians, try as they will to be otherwise, are frightening. Too many of them have shown the black and terrible mask—terrible because of its blank impenetrability—of the Red Army man harshly obeying harsh orders, to permit Berliners to trust the same men when they are open, frank, warm, generous, gay. The French, even the British, are frankly enemies with no nonsense about it; the Russians try to be friends—as individuals—and turn out to be the nameless, faceless shadows of an *apparat* of impersonal enmity.

During pro-Soviet demonstrations in the Lustgarten in September, the sound of the motors of American Skymasters drowned out many of the words of the Soviet general who was speaking at the time. Previously, suggestions had been made to the American command to have the planes deliberately fly over the crowd, but the idea had been rejected. The planes which circled the crowd were there by chance, or perhaps because the pilots wanted to see what was going on. To the Berliners this is frivolity, alien to their temperament. They find it hard even now to understand how such barbarians as the Russians and such children as the Americans could have conquered them.

The pro-Western and pro-Eastern newspapers of the city present opposite views of political happenings. High American officials say this makes the Berliners think for themselves, forces them to develop their powers of criticism and judgment. In fact, all it does is to make them believe both versions are propaganda; instead of thinking, they grumble to themselves and hanker for a German propaganda which for them would be the "truth." Their material situation is bad, but in their self-pity they assume it is unique and not their own fault. Despite the ruins, the word war means here World War III, not World War II or I. As always in the past, they respond to the loud word; and because General Clay has managed to be firm without big and loud words, they give themselves the luxury of criticism.

The sound of the air-lift motors is wearing to the nerves because of what it means, and also what its absence might mean. As the Berliners' nerves grow more frayed, they grow more resentful. After all, if the worst comes to the worst, the Americans will be able to leave; the Germans will have to stay. And right now, the Americans live well while they live badly. In their assumption that they and we now stand against the Russians, the Berliners tend to forget where they and we stood only a few years ago; they let themselves push aside the realization that they need us, covering its painful acuteness in the feeling that we need them, that they are our hostages to fortune and that we should treat them as well as we do ourselves.

The difference in standards of living is the real core of the resentment against the Americans. In fairness it must be admitted that some Americans —fortunately not many—have the attitude of officers of the old British Army in the India of Kipling's day. (Many members of the British military establishment are in fact veterans of that kind of life.) Either unwittingly or deliberately they exaggerate the differences in standard of living. Legends about the luxury of Harnack House and of the guest houses for VIP visiting firemen—such as the Wannsee Club, an establishment resembling the Westchester Biltmore Country Club—spread among Berliners. The other occupiers also have such places, but only the Americans eat and drink well, have unheard-of delights at the post exchanges and commissaries, and can buy them.

In reality, a Saturday night at the US Press Club is similar to one at a rather run-down, somewhat old-fashioned club in a small American city, but the Berliners—aided by Communist propaganda—have no difficulty in believing it is an orgy of opulence. The wife of an American civilian here does not live as well as she would in Paris or Rome, but the American cars in the streets make Berliners think we all exist on the scale and with the attitude of the Nazi bigwigs who once owned the houses in which we live.

And what do they think of the Nazi bigwigs? I have talked to dozens of Germans, including many who work for the Americans, and not a single one (except for the Communists) failed to say in one way or other that things were better under Hitler. Again and again I have heard the formula, "Only the Jews and Communists suffered." Fear and hatred are powerful forces, but they don't make for clear thinking.

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MR. LITTLE'S GHOST TOWN

Textron's president cashed in on a town's main industry to build his textile empire, and now decamps to concentrate on higher-profit towns **by Harold Wolff**

NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE, doesn't look like a ghost town that is losing more than half of its 8,000 jobs. There's nothing long-faced about Main Street. Breakfasting at the shiny, stainless-steel Liggett's counter, people were talking about the Red Sox and their prospects in the pennant race. Business in Woolworth's and Grant's was brisk. There were no signs of mourning the loss of $4 million a year from a prewar $5 million payroll. In fact, the only comment about Nashua's plight had a suggestion of "so what" with a dash of "good riddance."

For some time now this town of 35,000 people has known that the boss at the Nashua Manufacturing Company, the largest textile operation in the state and one of the oldest in the country, had no intention of staying in Nashua. Nashua no longer fitted into his plans, he had announced as soon as the wartime boom in textiles began to taper off. Says one of Royal Little's henchmen: "We are trying to build the kind of company we have always dreamed of, and we don't care how we do it."

There is more to this Nashua story than another New England textile mill shutting down. It's a tale of the dreams of an industrial empire builder and what happens when people don't blend into his picture. So when Little announced on September 13 that he was closing down in Nashua because New England couldn't produce textiles efficiently, it didn't ring true. All over New England people are operating mills and making money in big chunks. There's Joseph Axelrod, for one, a go-getting young textile operator, whose comment on Little is a hearty, "With good management you can make any kind of textiles you want in New England, at a profit." To support his optimism, there are Bates and Pequot and Pepperell, old New England textile firms all operating on full schedules and making fat profits.

"Work loads" is the magic phrase that Little interjects at regular intervals when he is explaining why Nashua can't survive in the modern world. By which Little means that because Northern textile labor is more solidly unionized, it doesn't watch over as many looms or tend as many spindles as do Southern workers. His competitors deny that. One of them, who asked that his name not be used, said that the union had been willing to accept higher work loads than he wanted. "Too heavy a work load is bad for quality," was his refutation of Little's attempt to saddle the union with the blame for the Nashua situation.

As for the Southern operators, they point out that since most of their operations are in coarser types of goods, their workers can take on heavier loads. But they deny that on the same operation, Southern loads are enough heavier to make any difference. The imperial Little looked rather silly when, in public hearings, Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers' Union pointed out that no request for increased work loads had ever been turned down by the union.

Taxes, that's the trouble with Nashua and all of New England. Puerto Rico, where Little is moving some of his operation, is offering him seven tax-free years. Southern states are also baiting him with tax concessions. And freedom from taxes is a stumper when you are trying to think your way through the problem. Then you ask the Southern operators. They explain to you that many of the things taxes go to pay for in Nashua, the Southern mills have to pay out of their own pockets. They have to build houses for their workers, and sometimes schools and recreation and health facilities. They don't think Little will do so much better in the South. Some of them point out that he has already liquidated some of his Southern operations in Waynesboro, Virginia, and in Seneca, South Carolina. So taxes aren't the answer to Little's dream.

Those who want to rub it in point out that Little's Nashua mill enjoys a few advantages that the Southerners would give their eyeteeth to share with him. One is the plentiful supply of skilled veteran textile workers, not as docile, perhaps, as newly recruited hillbillies, but much less likely to disappear into the woods on coon-hunting expeditions when there is a large order to turn out at the plant. Then there are the freight rates, much lower for manufactured goods in the North. In addition, the Nashua mills are much nearer the concentrated markets than the looms of Georgia and Alabama.

All of which made even so staunch a pro-business Republican as Senator Tobey ask Little point-blank: "If this mill were owned by anyone else, would they be closing it down?" Facing a somewhat hostile meeting of Nashua citizens, Little answered: "No, they would keep on operating."

Why, then, is Little closing down Nashua? Why, at a peak of employment and national income, is this city about to face joblessness and perhaps real hardship?

The answer to that question lies, in part, in simple textile truisms, like the fact that slips are more profitable than sheets. But ultimately, the explanation of the tragedy of Nashua is rooted in the personality of a business maverick, hell-bent on putting together the kind of industrial structure that recalls the great speculative empires of the twenties.

As far as Nashua is concerned, the story goes back to 1942. Like all textile mills, Nashua had been ambling along for years, barely keeping its corporate head above water. Its owners

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were largely old New England families long grown used to no dividends from their mill stocks. The management of Nashua was in the hands of the Amory family, who owned very little of the property but had come to regard it as a kind of family affair to be passed on from father to son, providing comfortable berths here and there for friends and relatives with names like Hunnewell and Whipple.

Then, in 1942, with the advent of war, came the thing every New England textile operator lives for, the feast that always follows the famine. Everyone knew that Nashua was going to have some better years. At that point, Nashua stock could be bought over the counter in Boston for $16.50 a share. For those who had suffered through its dividendless days, Nashua hadn't seemed to be worth much more than that. But looking ahead, J. Arthur Warner, a Boston broker, saw a chance for a killing. He quietly bought up small blocks of Nashua stock. And as is the way of such things, the people of Nashua and the management of the mill woke up one fine day to hear that they were now owned by "the Warner group."

Having acquired control of the mill at a fantastically low price, Warner now moved to sell at a fantastically high price. He offered it to a group of New England textile people and got bids as high as $75 per share. But at that point, with pockets bulging with bank loans and movements energized by a dream of a vast textile empire, entered one Royal Little. During the early years of the war, starting from scratch, Little had built up a small rayon business. Watching the old-line textile operators lumber around in their quaint New England way convinced him that there was a fortune to be made in putting together a business that would buy raw materials and see them all the way through to the finished sheet or slip.

Little had the idea. All he needed was money and mills. For bright, brash Royal Little, the money was relatively easy to get from New York and Boston banks. But during the war mills were in the class of hens' teeth

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and diamonds. So when Warner let Little know that Nashua could be had, there was a deal in the making. Warner bid Little up to $100 a share, then went back to the Boston textile people and offered it to them at $110. They figured the deal over again, but still, in New England textile terms, it was worth no more than their original offer of $75. So Little acquired the Nashua Manufacturing Company for a total price of $10.5 million.

It looks like a simple story until you ask why Little wanted Nashua. Its products—a famous Indian Head cloth and Nashua blankets, among others—were not the kind of things that Textron was selling. And the capacity of Nashua to turn out cloth was far in excess of anything Little's Textron could use in its finished products. Not until a year later was anyone able to understand the workings of Royal Little's mind, and by that time he had given everyone who had tried to follow his steps a lesson in financial manipulation.

When Little bought Nashua it had a cotton inventory of 40,000 bales for use in its cotton-blanket business. Little had no interest in a cotton-blanket operation the size of Nashua's, so he cut it by two-thirds, which left him a lot of excess cotton. He then took a cautious dip in the cotton market and within eight months sold off his cotton equities for about $5 million in cash. Nashua owned a small carpet mill, which Little sold for some half-million in cash. Meanwhile, Nashua's production was earning an operating profit of about $350,000 a month, so that within a year the Nashua property for which Textron had paid $10.5 million had almost $10 million cash in its tills.

At this point Little might have declared some fancy dividends, put by some reserves for new equipment and been hailed as a boy wonder. But measured by his imperial ideas, this would have been small potatoes. He had set up another subsidiary called Textron Southern. Textron Southern was heavily in hock to the banks and needed cash. Little took $2 million out of the Nashua Manufacturing Company and bought the Class B stock of Textron Southern, which gave it some needed cash. That left $7.5 million. With this, Little had Nashua Manufacturing buy two other groups of properties that were in his empire. One, confusingly named Textron Mills, had manufacturing operations in Suncook, New Hampshire; Taunton, Massachusetts; and Manville, Rhode Island. The other, known as Manville Fabrics, is a converting operation that finishes and dyes Textron products.

Today, the Nashua Manufacturing Company, profiting from the firmness of the cotton-textile market, is still making a tidy profit on its operations. But looking ahead, Royal Little sees the end of the pinch in textiles and in textile machinery. The threatened break in prices last spring has scared him into facing up to the day when only efficient operation all along the line will make Textron, Inc., the robust giant he wants it to grow up to be.

With all this in mind, Little looked Nashua Manufacturing straight in the face and found that from Textron, Inc.'s, point of view, major surgery was in order. There were two alternatives. One was to take some of the money that Nashua had made during the war and plow it back into a complete overhaul of the manufacturing facilities. This done, Nashua's skills could have been applied to the manufacture of a number of products which can be made better and cheaper in Nashua than anywhere else in the country. For example, the fabric for automobile convertible tops is almost a Nashua monopoly. So is the cloth that goes into the new electric blanket. This would have been a long-range project which, under Royal Little's smart management, could have put the town of Nashua permanently on its competitive feet.

Little's purposes were better served by the other alternative. This was to scrap the parts of Nashua Manufacturing that did not serve Textron's immediate needs, and scrap the plant and the people that did not fit into his picture. This program is just about what Little announced to the people of Nashua on July 28. He is going to retain the company's Jackson mill, a fairly modern plant built with Nashua's profits from World War I. He is going to continue to operate two of the other mills and the dyeing and finishing plant. Moreover, all of the Nashua trade names will be retained, and the products made either in these mills or in other mills owned by Textron. In some cases cloth will be manufactured in the South and shipped to Nashua for finishing. The main Nashua Mills, with 550,000 square feet of space and approximately 50,000 spindles, Little will sell to the highest bidder. Instead of the wartime peak of 5,200 people, he plans to employ about 1,000.

As for the rest of the people and the plant, Little has advised the town to get them out of the textile business and diversify its industries.

At the moment, Nashua is not inclined to take any advice from Royal Little. As Fred Blakeley, at the Indian Head National Bank, points out, "the only thing they have learned from Mr. Little is the real meaning of absentee ownership." In the old days when Nashua Manufacturing was controlled in Boston, books used to be written about the evils that remote ownership has wreaked on New England textile towns. But at least in the old days Nashua was kept running in the inept way in which New England mills were operated. Now Nashua has had a taste of real efficiency at a very impersonal level. The prevailing feeling in town is that, whenever it suited Textron's purposes, the mills would have been closed down anyway. Why not face it now?

Nashua, though, is confident that Little is wrong about its ability to produce textiles in a competitive market. They still feel that with local management, local know-how and a long-range point of view, the town will pull through. Meanwhile, a lot of families in Nashua will go hungry. And the other 17 towns in which Textron owns mills are scared to death.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

LIFE AMONG THE HEATHEN

by George Dangerfield

AMERICA THROUGH BRITISH EYES, compiled and edited by Allan Nevins (The Oxford University Press; $6).

WHEN THE MASS of a country exceeds its energy—which appears to have been the case with America until about 1870—the foreign traveler is himself a form of energy. He comes with a telescope and a pair of spectacles: he is able to examine the near view and to scan the far one, something which the restless and preoccupied inhabitants rarely find time to do. He fills the vacuum created by an absence of native poets, novelists, painters and statisticians: and he fills it, of course, most inadequately.

None the less, the writings of these early travelers are quite indispensable. The historian uses them with the utmost caution—each one of them is potentially and in miniature a Marco Polo, a Maundeville, a Munchausen—but he knows that without them his knowledge of the *appearance* of the early republic would be far less complete than it is. British travelers occupy a very special position. They were obliged to move through an atmosphere that was prickly with resentment and suspicion. This sharpened their observation even while it sometimes clouded their understanding. But we do not require understanding of them; all we ask is that they should have a pair of eyes.

It is, therefore, not at all surprising that three-fifths of this book should be devoted to the writings of travelers who came to this country before 1870. Allan Nevins divides these earlier writings into three periods, each one being introduced by a succinct and perspicacious essay. If one may judge a historian's capacity by his employment of so useful and malleable a device as chronology, it must be said that Nevins' choice of periods is not merely effective, but brilliantly effective. It is more than convenient; it is illuminating.

Here are the first three periods: 1789-1825, or "Utilitarian Inquiry"; 1825-45, or "Tory Condescension"; and 1840-70, or "Unbiased Portraiture." Readers of *America Through British Eyes* (in spite of the stiff price, one hopes they will be numerous) will notice that the travelers of the first three periods were under the spell of British history. The quality of their information was deeply affected by what they conceived to be the condition of their own country. Thus observers of the first two periods were either practical men, disgusted with the lack of democracy at home and anxious to find opportunities abroad, or they were members of the upper classes, dismayed at the approach of democracy at home, and hoping to find in America a Bad Example with which to browbeat or dissuade their own radicals.

Between 1840 and 1846, the collapse of Chartism and the great Free Trade administration of Robert Peel were sufficient to quiet both disgust and dismay: all were agreed that there was nothing very wrong with laissez-faire liberalism. The travelers of the third period, therefore, were apt to be more complacent. The mass of American history was still not great enough to attract them for its own sake; America still hovered midway between Menace and Power. They were not too eager to look behind the agonized appearance for the difficult reality. It is in this period that we find W. H. Russell's superb description of President Lincoln, whom Russell considered, or believed that he considered, a failure.

After 1870—in the period 1870-1923, or "Analysis"—the travelers drift more and more into the spell of American history. They are, on the whole, far more distinguished men and, on the whole, far abler writers. But they are now obliged to understand America for her own sake, a formidable task: and one has to admit that they are contending with stiffer and stiffer competition. America is de-

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veloping her own thinkers and artists, besides whom all but the brightest of visiting luminaries seem to burn a little dimly. It is to England's eternal credit that she anticipated this competition by producing James Bryce, and that she subsequently countered it with Harold Laski.

The writings of Laski (from which Nevins does not quote) indicate that in the last period—1923-46, or "Boom, Depression and War"—the attraction of American history is stronger than ever. If Nevins is unable to find an exact description for the mood of British travel during this period, that is very likely because of the uncertain nature of the background from which the travelers proceeded.

One thing more. There are certain criticisms which persist throughout all the five periods of British travel. Americans are restless (in the early days the word was "irritable"); Americans are materialistic; Americans are too disposed to worship the Average, whether in men or in institutions. Mediocrity and uniformity are cited again and again as our besetting dangers. None but a chauvinist would deny that there is some truth in all this.

None the less, these criticisms are also preconceptions, which all travelers have brought to these shores as part of their baggage: and the more obtuse—a Mrs. Frances Trollope, for example, or a Sir Lepel Griffin—never bothered to unpack them and expose them to the American air. The wisest travelers, on the other hand, have uttered them only to hedge them about with so many qualifications that they are practically invisible. For the wisest travelers resemble L. P. Jacks, who (says Nevins) "never forgot Lord Bryce's gentle admonition to him at lunch in 1907—not to think he knew more about the country than he did." This is the counsel of perfection, and I wish I could say that Jacks followed it perfectly. But at least he tried to do so, and of no traveler, in the past or in the future, can we ask more.

THE BATTLE OF ANALYSIS

LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR: The Inner Experience of a Psychoanalyst, by Theodor Reik (Farrar, Straus and Company; $6).

PSYCHIATRY IN A TROUBLED WORLD, by William C. Menninger, M.D. (The Macmillan Company; $6).

IT RARELY HAPPENS that you can select two books from a season of publishing to make as neat a point as do the pair bracketed above. A sharper contrast between science and pseudoscience in the field of psychiatry could hardly be found.

Listening with the Third Ear is written by Theodor Reik, Doctor of Philosophy and lay analyst. The book is advertised as providing the answer to the layman's question: "What is psychoanalysis?" It does not.

Let us examine the framework within which Dr. Reik conducts an analysis. Scornful of analysts who take notes, he states:

> . . . The whole character of analysis is opposed to such a procedure. Taking notes would change a magical situation into a sober, literal one; the nature of the session would cease to be part of the realm of fantasy and would approximate instead a medical examination, with its adjuncts of record files, anamnesis and case histories. The psychologist who writes down what the patient says may become a conscientious historian of the case and as such deserve recognition for his industry in the eyes of the patient, who may well regard him as a schoolmaster but never as a sorcerer. Men who practise magic cannot afford bad memories.

Dr. Reik apparently believes in capitalizing upon those infantile projections of the patient which make the analyst an omnipotent and magical figure and which are monuments to the helplessness of the patient. He makes this fantasy the cornerstone of his procedure. One might as well ask a man to dry himself with a wet towel. It is precisely this infantile need that the analyst should try to destroy. The goal of all analysis is not to foster dependency, but to help the patient become an independent, self-sufficient adult. In this light, Dr. Reik's concept of himself as a magician is scarcely an aid to the patient. By it he guarantees the patient not relief, but a perpetual millstone. But, it is true, the patient will think his analyst a great man.

How does Dr. Reik practise his magic? His instrument is the "third ear." We are told: "Essential to the analyst in this work is the third ear, an extrasensory perception which permits unconscious communication, supposedly more highly developed in children and in animals than in the average adult human being, and perhaps the explanation of telepathy and prophecy." Thus, according to Dr. Reik, the hidden, unconscious impulses of the patient communicate themselves to the analyst and stimulate in him latent memories of similar experiences. The analytic task is to make these memories conscious: "Only he can understand another's experience who experiences the same himself." Logic plays little role in this process. In fact, it is to be deplored: "In contrast with and in opposition to a great number of psychoanalysts, I do not believe in 'learning' what the unconscious has to say. I do not believe the analyst can get his clues from his scholastic wisdom. . . . After all teaching is said and all study is done, do not expect answers from your intelligence, your 'reason.' Ask your heart what it doth know."

This is analysis conducted at the whim of the analyst. It dispenses with all the laws of behavior that are known to be observable, predictable and verifiable. To analyze solely from one's own experiences is to infer a universality of behavior that simply does not exist. The varieties of behavioral processes are infinite and not a human being alive has experienced them all, not even Dr. Reik. That analysis must be conducted on the basis of the patient's associations rather than the analyst's is so obvious it needs hardly be stated. But instead of analyzing the patient, Dr. Reik would analyze himself.

Listening with the Third Ear cannot be condemned too vigorously. Dr.

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Reik's presentation of psychoanalysis will only confuse a public unstudied in this science. He envelops psychoanalysis in an aura of mysticism and superstition and divorces it from scientific fact and theory. The book is steeped in bitterness, particularly toward the author's arch-enemies: "the American psychoanalysts," "the M.D.'s" and "the psychiatrists." Dr. Reik regrets that the analytic profession is led by medical scientists, who "worship the bitch-Goddess objectivity." He protests that in their hands it will perish. It occurs to me, rather, that neither psychoanalysis nor society would long survive an application of Dr. Reik's social credo: "The brotherhood of man has always seemed to me a utopian idea voiced by American senators."

Fortunately, there is a psychiatric alternative to the decadence of Reikian social philosophy. It is well stated in *Psychiatry in a Troubled World*, by Dr. William C. Menninger, a renowned psychiatrist who during the war was Chief Consultant in Neuropsychiatry to the Surgeon General of the Army. It is a psychoanalytically oriented book that is thoroughly scientific, factual and well-documented. Its lucid style and popular content make it as appealing to laymen as to professionals. It records Dr. Menninger's military experiences, points out the psychiatric lessons learned and presents a blueprint for their application in the current crisis of peace.

Emotional factors were the most important single cause of the heavy loss of military manpower in World War II: 38 percent of all rejections and 37 percent of all discharges from the Army occurred because of psychiatric illness. These startling figures represent 1,846,000 and 387,000 men, respectively. Their impact finally forced even a reluctant and psychiatrically ignorant military to think in terms of mental, as well as physical, health.

Dr. Menninger quickly perceived that the psychiatrist's classical approach to behavior, with emphasis on changes in the individual personality, would not work in the Army. It did not pay sufficient attention to the interaction between the individual, his group and his society. He correctly interpreted individual behavior as the resultant of two prime vectors: physiological needs and social demands. This is an approach to the study of behavior which has its roots where they belong—in the biology of man—but is alert to the influences of immediate environmental stresses. Dr. Menninger concludes: "One important fact colored the entire military picture, namely, the social milieu of the soldier. The study of an isolated, individual soldier would never adequately explain behavior which was the result of his being knit closely into a new social unit."

Dr. Menninger did not lose sight of the personality the soldier brought with him into the Army. Unfortunately, the Army was stuck with it, and there was no time to probe for origins. The emphasis in military psychiatry was put where it would do the most good—on prevention of breakdown by reduction of situational stress. Vital to this reduction were three factors: good leadership, clear-cut motivation toward specific goals, and identification of the individual with his group. The Army provided a huge experimental laboratory in which education and manipulation of the environment to achieve these ends could be carried out. The war established that the soldier could maintain mental health in the face of tremendous stress —far greater than anything suffered by civilians in peacetime—when adequate environmental supports on a group level were given to the individual. This is the lesson for peace.

Dr. Menninger—and all socially minded psychiatrists will agree with him—feels that society must assume a responsibility for the emotional security of its constituents. The maintenance of mental health in peace is no more solely a function of the individual personality than it is in war. What are the psychiatrically significant social ills of our time? Dr. Menninger elaborates all of them: racism, inflation, lack of housing, unemployment, poor medical care, and many others. These can be relieved only through the agency of a social organization designed to provide sufficient security to an intelligent and participating citizenry.

The problem of mental health in America will never be solved simply by providing more and more psychiatrists to treat the ever growing numbers of the mentally maladjusted. The ultimate solution lies in altering the formative social institutions which create and perpetuate the disease, not in concentrating on the malignant end-products of a sick society.

LIONEL OVESEY

Lionel Ovesey received his medical degree from the University of California and his training in psychoanalysis at the Columbia University Psychoanalytic Clinic for Training and Research. He is now on the Clinic staff, working specially on the social and cultural applications of analysis. During the war, he was an Army flight surgeon, stationed both in the United States and at a number of posts in the Pacific.

HEROES AND CRITICS

THE PORTABLE GREEK READER. Edited, and with an Introduction, by W. H. Auden (The Viking Press; $2).

THE DISTINGUISHED COMPILER of this Greek Reader in English (I must not call it an anthology, for reasons which will appear) is convinced that the classics are destined to survive, if at all, in translation only. Many of us, while regretfully concurring, will accept this fact as a stimulus to the production of more and better translations. But Auden is led to the depressing conclusion that "if Greek literature has to be read in translation, then the approach can no longer be an aesthetic one." Not content with this, he goes on to say, "Even when he is reading the epics or the plays, the average modern reader is going to find that a historical and anthropological approach is more fruitful than an aesthetic one." Much depends, of course, on what kind of fruit one prefers, but to me, that verdict on Homer and Aeschylus even in the worst translations (and Auden has certainly not chosen these) is anathema; and it is scarcely calculated to entice the average modern reader.

Fortunately, this defeatist view of the capacity of our language to recapture the spirit and content of an ancient literature is not reflected in

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the editor's choice of translations. However, it has naturally influenced his selection and caused him to compile what he calls "an introduction to Greek culture rather than Greek literature."

In pursuance of this plan he has divided the book into five sections, dealing respectively with "Cosmogonies and Cosmologies," "The Hero," "Nature," "Man" and "Society." He begins with some Hesiod and finishes with a bit of Thucydides, giving us on the way a taste of Parmenides, Hippocrates, Galen, Aesop and many others, including even Tzetzes. The result is a rich and diversified banquet, which plenty of people will welcome as a refreshment.

There is more of Aristotle than of Plato, and more from Plato's *Laws* than from his literary masterpieces, though I am delighted to see that his intensely interesting *Seventh Letter* is included. The scientists are fairly well displayed. As for the tragic dramatists, no one can complain of the treatment of Aeschylus, whose whole *Cresteia* trilogy is given, but Sophocles and Euripides are represented only by snippets. This is, no doubt, according to plan; but I cannot see why Herodotus, that fascinated student of mankind, and Xenophon, who more than any other author reveals to us the average Greek as he really was, did not qualify for inclusion in the section devoted to "Man." However, we cannot have everything, and I, for one, thank Auden for his citation of Heraclitus' dictum, "Souls smell in Hades" (perhaps the most un-English remark in the whole work), and for reminding us of Euclid's great thought for the day, "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another." Even Einstein has not beaten that—as yet.

Provided, then, that the reader does not expect an anthology in the strict sense of the term, nor a history of literary forms, he will be well-served by this original selection. But I hope Auden will forgive me if I add a word of warning. In his arresting and provocative Introduction, he makes a self-revealing statement: "It is the unlikeness of the Greeks to ourselves that strikes us more than anything else." As the casual expression of a personal feeling, I should be inclined to let that pass: but Auden implements it at some length, and one cannot help concluding that this feeling about the Greeks has left its stamp on his choice of pieces for the reader.

Most of us who make it our business to advertise the perennial excellence and validity of the Greeks' achievement are diligent in stressing their essential similarity to us; Auden makes much of the differences. But is he right, and, if right, is he wise to do so here? Admittedly we have often gone too far in the opposite direction. The picture of the educated Athenian as an Eton and Oxford man born before his time is as false as it is ridiculous. But it was never based on essentials. Neither, I think, is Auden's.

I suspect him of believing that the mind and nature of man have changed for the better in the brief period that separates us from the Greeks, and I submit that the mistakes which arise from this preconception can be more serious than those which derive from the less optimistic outlook. For instance, he states that "the assumption of the *Iliad* is that war is the normal condition of mankind," whereas I find nothing whatever in the poem to justify this remark—indeed I could quote chapter and verse to the contrary. However, whichever of us is right in this particular, my contention is that when one makes, with Auden, the "historical and anthropological approach" to Homer, one is in great danger of losing sight of Homer the artist. It is as an artist that Homer speaks to us; and art has a universal language.

I will not deny that I found Auden's comments on the Greeks both original and intriguing. Nevertheless, my advice to those who pick up his book is not to take too seriously what he says about the gulf between us and these people, nor even *all* they say about themselves. They certainly expressed themselves differently (though by no means unintelligibly), yet they, like us, were extremely human beings. So too were their gods, who in their quarrelsome moments reminded Auden, as a boy, "of his uncles and aunts."

E. V. RIEU

FICTION CHRONICLE

ANSWER TO QUESTION 33, by Christopher Sykes (William Sloane Associates; $3.50).

TIME WILL DARKEN IT, by William Maxwell (Harper and Brothers; $3).

ANYONE ATTRACTED to the present Christopher Sykes novel by his last book will be disappointed. *Four Studies in Loyalty* was a group of character studies of people extravagantly, obsessively, even self-destructively loyal to a single person or idea. The sketches were written with grace, an exuberant relish for oddities and a clever feeling for the minutiae of the personalities and their environments. Comparison of these two books prompts a suspicion (usually unjustified on such slight evidence) that Sykes's talents are less for fiction than for the sketch, the anecdote, the fanciful biography. Many of the virtues of the earlier book are present in this one, but they vitiate rather than support a novel.

The "question" of the title is asked in the House of Commons about a woman broadcasting anti-British propaganda from Moscow. The narrator of the novel, penetrating the woman's pseudonym, is "stupefied by the mass of thoughts and impressions that had lain till then scattered here and there in the confusion of memory, and which had suddenly become assembled in coherent shape as the answer to the question I had heard by chance."

These "thoughts and impressions" form the story and begin in the narrator's childhood. They concern his youthful love for the daughter of the "great house" of the neighborhood, his school days, literary success, career in the British consular service, and finally his friendship, in Egypt, for Donna Isabella, the lady of "Question

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33." She is an Italian who has never been to England but who has conceived a worship for that country and its people, symbolized by a portrait of Gladstone over the mantelpiece. During the war, because of rough treatment as an enemy national by a minor British official, the Anglophile turns Anglophobe with the result noted at the beginning of the book.

Apart from the improbability or inconsequence of this incident (as rendered), it is of minor importance in the book itself, most of which is concerned with the lady of the manor aforementioned, with emphasis on the manor. Indeed, the real and scarcely concealed purpose of the book seems to be the creation of an imaginary aristocratic world of bric-a-brac: of country houses interminably described, "famous" Titians, livery, and memorable ceilings under which the most significant activities are hunt balls, coming-out parties and unhappy marriages. This is detailed in prose which is a caricature of the British stiff upper lip trembling sentimentally over its complacent and fashionable mediocrity. No humor is intended; it's as breathlessly solemn as the infatuated *noveau* writing to the folks back home. A key word in describing character is "nice."

As mentioned above, these same limitations operated as advantages in *Four Studies in Loyalty*. The sketch can more gracefully support detail for its own sake (and if Sykes describes his country houses at irrelevant length, he describes them well). In addition, his attitude to his characters is more appropriate to the biographical study: infatuation can give zest to the frank connoisseur of the eccentric, elaborate, or picturesque. Finally, and most important, the studies in the earlier book were *true*; facts, any facts, have a persuasive weight and a dignity. Even an account on a society page is a different matter from a day dream about the same subject.

Time Will Darken It has already been reviewed widely and enthusiastically, but I take this belated opportunity to mention it for the pleasure of doing so and to recommend it as exceptionally worth attention among recent novels.

The time of the story is a few months of 1912 and the place a town in Illinois. The narrative is adequate and interesting, but what quite solidly remains after the book is finished is "some idea of the culture of a certain street in a Middle Western small town shortly before the First World War." This is remarkably suggested by sense of place, but it is most fully contained in "the split between the men and the women." "Only the young, ready . . . for courtship, or the old, bent . . . on preserving the traditions of gallantry, were willing to talk to one another. They met as ambassadors and kept open the lines of communication between the sexes."

It is seldom that a novel is written with the whole intelligence, even where there is an intelligence. Maxwell is interested in his characters and his scene. He has opinions about them and attitudes toward them. They imply general ideas. And this reflection by the author assures a detachment in his manner, between a gentle pessimism and a wry humor. He can begin a devastating criticism of the town gossips in this way: "Of the literary arts, the one most practiced in Draperville was history. It was informal, and there was no reason to write it down since nothing was ever forgotten." And his comment on a child's crucial and shocking experience: "The world (including Draperville) is not a nice place, and the innocent and the young have to take their chances." Unusual in current novels, this one is good, even memorable, in individual lines and passages. It bears rereading. JOHN FARRELLY

DANCE: Cultural Relations

ABOVE THE New York City Center of Music and Drama great searchlights sent their rays into the sky. Festoons of lights stretched across Fifty-fifth Street. The Department of Sanitation Band played "Mademoiselle from Armentières." A corps of policemen cleared the way for the dignitaries who arrived in black limousines and formal dress. The City of New York was welcoming the Paris Opera Ballet, its official guest at an "international dance festival" designed to end the Golden Jubilee celebration on a high cultural note.

On the sidewalk in front of the City Center members of an American Dancers' Committee passed out handbills to the arriving audience. "IT IS ASTONISHING and SHOCKING," the broadside read, "that Serge Lifar, a Nazi collaborationist, should direct and have his works performed at the City Center Theatre at the invitation of the City of New York as part of the celebration of our Golden Jubilee. Sponsoring a man who used his art to further the Nazi cause during the war is certainly not in the democratic tradition of our city." Four specific charges were leveled at Lifar in the handbill: (1) that he was denounced by the French prosecution as a thorough collaborationist; (2) that he visited Kiev, during the German occupation, in a plane supplied by Goering; (3) that French audiences booed him off the stage when he returned to dance after the war; (4) that dancers, musicians and stagehands refused to work with him.

Not all the charges of the Dancers' Committee are true, but the main one is. When Lifar was tried in 1945 by the Artists' Purge Committee in Paris, he was found guilty of collaboration in his wartime capacity as director of the Paris Opera Ballet, and was sentenced to a six-month exile from the Paris stage. This meant that he was not permitted to dance, but was theoretically free to function behind the scenes as choreographer and ballet master. In point of fact he did neither during the term of his suspension. Subsequently he was reinstated as director of the Paris Opera Ballet, partly at the in-

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sistence of the dancers, who maintained that he alone could serve their needs. At first the stagehands struck, but they soon decided that they preferred working with Lifar to not working at all. No protest by the musicians was reported.

Lifar has not danced at the Paris Opera since the end of the war. In the summer of 1946, however, he appeared in London, and was hissed and booed; in December, 1946, he danced in the Salle Pleyel in Paris, presumably for an audience of his friends, and was cordially welcomed. Since that time he has limited his activity to backstage duties at the Opera.

A few days before the City Center engagement opened, the director of the Paris Opera, Georges Hirsch, who was a member of the Resistance, called a press conference to defend Lifar against "reports emanating from the United States—not from France." He conceded that Lifar was suspended by the Artists' Purge Committee, but denied that the committee constituted "a court of law." (This committee, according to the New York *Times,* was one of a large number of official subcourts set up to speed proceedings against accused collaborationists when the civil courts became overloaded.)

Hirsch also denied a 1945 report, printed in American newspapers and in *Time,* that Lifar had remained in hiding during the deliberations of a Paris civil court in which he was described as a collaborationist by the attorney prosecuting charges against two of his official colleagues at the Opera. Yet an AP dispatch (New York *Times,* July 19, 1945) reported that the prosecuting attorney called Lifar, who was not present and was not officially charged, "in reality the principal," and that he outlined the punishment he would suffer "should his hiding place be discovered."

After a single curtain call before an angry and vocal audience at the close of the opening City Center bill, Lifar kept out of sight. Grover Whalen, front man for the Golden Jubilee celebration, was clearly of no mind to tempt his audience further. But the harm had been done, for New Yorkers had been asked to pay homage to a man whose record was at least highly questionable; and the public began to raise questions about the whole tasteless deal, none of which has been squarely answered.

Why was the announcement that Lifar would accompany the dancers withheld until he was on the point of actual arrival? Why did Mayor O'Dwyer's Golden Jubilee Committee let him come, if it could not establish that his wartime record was incontrovertibly clean? Why did S. Hurok, the impresario who managed the tour, continue to serve the project when Lifar's connection with it became known to him? Why has no representative of the city made a public statement?

If the Paris Opera Ballet (whose productions I shall describe in my next column) were an artistic organization of the first rank, one could at least understand the temptation to drop these questions—especially since Yvette Chauviré, the prima ballerina, and many of the other dancers are said to have refused to leave Paris unless Lifar came along. But the company presented a third-class repertory, none too well executed.

In the two-week period the Paris Opera Ballet appeared eleven times. The Charles Weidman company, the only American group invited to appear, danced once—on a Monday, when the ballet was taking its day of rest. Moreover, plans for the celebration overlooked the tenth anniversary of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, an organization which, for all its variability of standard, is more impressive than the Paris Opera Ballet, and one in which the work of American dancers and choreographers has assumed an increasingly dominant position. It would have been an agreeable gesture to invite the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo to share in the city's jubilations—or the Ballet Theatre, or the Ballet Society, or the Martha Graham Company, or many others who have helped to make New York the center

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CECIL SMITH

RADIO AND TELEVISION

MILTON BERLE, whose vendetta with Henry Morgan was the subject of this department's first column about 18 months ago, is back at work again, and this season he can be seen as well as heard. He comes out of the loudspeakers from ABC on Wednesdays at nine; he appears on NBC's television screen Tuesday's at eight; both shows bear the same name, "Texaco Star Theatre," but there quite properly Berle lets the similarity end.

Berle has known how to make best use of each of his opportunities. His television performance is as strictly tailored to the eye as his radio work is to the ear. For the radio, Berle has recruited a team of other players, ranging from the consciously bumptious Frank Gallup to Arnold Stang, the Brooklyn bumpkin with a conscience. On video, the star bounces around the set, butting into the acts of tumblers, singers, jugglers and other variety specialists with whom he has set back vaudeville's prematurely announced death by at least a decade.

In radio, he has sense enough to make individual use of his aides, giving Stang plenty of rope, letting Gallup trip over his polysyllables, setting aside a period for some warbling by Kay Armen, tolerating the impertinences of another lady called Pert Felton, and standing back for the doubletalk of Al Kelly, an artist in that esoteric field.

Berle's accomplishment in developing a separate approach to each medium can be applied to other phases of radio and television, from drama to documentaries, from forums to field days. Television will never develop very far by wholesale borrowing from its older brother, and in this case a clown has shown the way.

If ABC and NBC divide the applause for this year's Berle, American Broadcasting takes single credit for introducing Tennessee Williams on television. It was a lucky accident that Williams could supply a play and a star ready to go in front of the cameras, but ABC had the good sense and (the air being what it is) the courage to seize the chance.

It happened that Williams had in his trunk a one-act play called "Portrait of a Madonna." It had been done on the West Coast, with Jessica Tandy in the lead. Then when "A Streetcar Named Desire" came along, Miss Tandy became the star of that drama. Marc Connelly, in introducing "Madonna," said that Williams wanted Miss Tandy for the lead in "Streetcar" because she had done so well in the one-acter. That's understandable, since "Madonna" is a capsule version of the last act of "Streetcar."

A new theatre group, Actors' Studio, produced "Madonna" as the first in a series of television plays it will project, Sundays at 8:30, over the ABC New York station, WJZ-TV.

After we had watched "Madonna" together, a prominent critic told me he felt the proceedings were too slow. For me, the pace was just right. Miss Tandy took her time developing the role of the pathetic, middle-aged spinster who reveals her insanity before your eyes. It was a mood piece, and she played it just that way.

Miss Tandy was supported by a good cast, directed by Hume Cronyn and Ralph Warren. I know that 45 hours of rehearsal—an unusually long period for television—preceded the production. It was worth the trouble and the cost.

Right now, Television is still small—there are 34 stations on the air in 20 cities, and there were 540,000 receiving sets in the hands of customers as of September 1 (according to NBC's researchers). But a few years from now, when television has, say, 50 million viewers, I'd like to recall "Madonna" as a challenge. I wonder if television grown up will dare attempt such grown-up drama.

On radio, NBC has launched another series that's adult. The network's University Theatre, which had been on for a half-hour Friday nights, has now been expanded to a full 60 minutes Sundays, beginning at 2:30. The opening performance brought an adaptation of Henry James's *The American.*

Ernest King, who wrote the radio version, threw away part of the radio adapter's rulebook. He let the original

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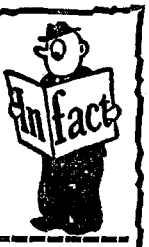

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story teller determine the tempo, instead of trying to speed the proceedings with jazzy irreverence. Like Miss Tandy in the televised "Madonna," Alan Hale, who played the lead in James's story, had a chance to develop his character. Assisted by a cast of thorough competence, he brought *The American* to life. James achieved a new triumph—in a medium he would probably have despised.

NBC's series is supposed to develop in us a greater appreciation for the best in American and British literature. It promises several months of Sundays filled, for an hour each session, with Hemingway and Dos Passos, Maugham and Graham Greene. Between halves, Clifton Fadiman delivers a neat little lecture. SAUL CARSON

THEATRE

Hodgepodge

A JUNKHEAP may contain jewels. Nothing in the "musical adventure" named "Magdalena" (at the Ziegfeld) is precisely a jewel, but an inventory of its ingredients should list some of them as "good things."

Brazilian Villa-Lobos' music—which was not written for the specific context of this show—is distinctly superior to that of most of the scores we commonly hear on Broadway nowadays. This does not make it truly good music, but there can be no doubt that *it is* music. One number—"The Broken Pianolita"—is piquant and theatrically complete in musical arrangement, costume, choreography and at least three pretty dancers. Howard Bay's sets are lavish (lavishness on our stage has become a style in itself), and one of them—supposedly that of a "kitchen"—is striking in its use of Mayan motifs. Irra Petina has an excellent voice and a good comedy personality; most of the other principals also sing well. The show nevertheless remains a hodgepodge.

Creation, in the theatre, is not arithmetical: the whole is not simply the sum of all its parts. If you were to

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NEW REPUBLIC

take a delicious Renoir, have a first-rate speaker recite exquisite verses by Verlaine in front of it, accompanied by lovely Debussy themes, the result would still be esthetically meaningless, even though such a combination would have more unity than a show like "Magdalena." What makes a play live in the theatre is a central dramatic conception in which all the means employed to convey it are functions of the whole.

If the elements which compose "Magdalena" were all as good as its admirers believe them to be, the show would still be little better than I think it is. The trouble with it is not simply a matter of a bad libretto—many famous operettas are equally deficient in this respect—but of a libretto that moves in too many different directions: romance, religion, idyl, comic extravaganza, night-club exoticism, without any integration of style.

It occurred to me that "Magdalena's" absurdities might have been turned into assets if the show had been kidded throughout. But then its religiosity might have become blasphemy. As it stands, we are obliged to witness a death scene in which the comedy villain, vengefully attended by his female counterpart, goes through the realistic throes of a heart attack brought on by overeating. Apropos of this, a textbook analysis might be written on theatrical ineptitude under the title, "Death with Lobster."

Compared to some of the other exhibitions of the week, Gertrude Tonkonogy's "Town House" was an acceptable offering while it lasted. Based on John Cheever's *New Yorker* stories, it was about three young couples of divergent backgrounds who, because of the housing shortage, rent a fashionable residence on a cooperative basis, and live, so to speak, in one another's hair. They said some droll things—the semi-proletarian "scientist," his wife and his progressively educated child did—but I can no longer remember what they were.

"Town House" struck me as if it had been dramatized, not from a series of short stories, but from a scattering of *New Yorker* cartoons. Even as cartoons, the jokes did not add up to sustained characterizations or believable situations. We were made far too aware of the symmetrical pattern, the one-two-three repetition by which each couple was made to do its turn, so that the turns appeared identical. In this atmosphere of monotony, we observed not only the obviousness of the play's design but the falsity of its details. A straitjacket was put on our laughter.

In deference to George Kaufman's position in our theatre, some of the reviewers lauded his direction of "Town House." To praise a craftsman for his bad work is to insult him. In this instance it does injustice to Miss Tonkonogy as well as to Kaufman. What the reviewers admire in the direction is its *click*—the smart and regular snap of its points—which is exactly what should have been avoided here. A certain indirection, a semblance of casualness and fond observation, might have lent the play's puppets the warmth they needed to make the show ingratiating. Hiram Sherman, Mary Wickes, June Duprez (whose touching quality has so far been used to full advantage only in the movie "None But the Lonely Heart") were good enough to have been better. HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES

Off Broadway

ATTENDANCE AT A SHOWING of Robert Flaherty's "Louisiana Story" is almost obligatory; you cannot ignore the first film in some years from the man who made "Nanook" and "Man of Aran." But despite the evident beauty of many individual scenes and the relaxed and patient craftsmanship of a director who does not work to please the pollsters, the film will probably leave you perplexed and dissatisfied. It lacks cohesion and point.

"Louisiana Story" centers upon the personality of a "Cajun" boy living in the remote bayou country. In the part, Joseph Boudreaux is appealing,

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as timid young animals always are, but he is not well-handled. His little excursions and adventures seem invented for the camera; the big dramatic scene in which he captures an alligator looks as carefully staged as one of the epic battles in Martin Johnson's old African films. The picture never gets down to the revealing details of Joseph's life and mind—it is snapshot prettiness, not documentation.

Into the boy's country comes a derrick crew prospecting for oil, and they bring with them the best sequences in the picture. The giant machines glide into the swamp like prehistoric monsters, and Flaherty catches the exhilarating rhythm and the almost choreographic grace of a skilled team engaged in delicate and dangerous work. Even here, though, he has overedited the material in a way that prevents you from absorbing the action; the eye cannot keep pace with the staccato cutting and keeps straining to see what the men are about.

When the prospectors have found their oil and capped their well, they move off again through the stagnant water, leaving a pipe sticking out of the little bay and leaving the boy clinging to it, waving and grinning goodbye to his nice friends. But then what? Oil drillers don't just come into primitive country, make their strike and move on to let wilderness fall back. They change the world they find, and it is obvious that they will change Joseph Boudreaux's, but this the film does not acknowledge. Perhaps Flaherty was determined to keep his idyl, perhaps his backers, the Standard Oil Company, offered unobtrusive advice. As it stands, "Louisiana Story" is neither a satisfactory lyric nor a convincing documentation of progress and change.

The irony the producers of "Strange Victory" would convey by their title is that, having defeated the Nazi racists, we find discrimination still thriving in our land. But this is only a seeming irony, for Hitler did not invent racism and we did not wage war against him for his slaughter of the Jews. We fought because the situation had degenerated to the point where it was a case of kill or be killed, and until that point was reached we kept our moral indignation well under control.

It is ungrateful work breaking down the logic of a film that preaches the brotherhood of man, but it is also poor strategy to arm ourselves with blunt arguments. If it could be shown that we defeated a country committed to shackling free thought and then began to hunt witches down our own byways, the irony might stick. Anti-Semitism and Jim Crow, however, are American folkways deep in the grain and they cannot be exorcised with the slogan, "Made in Germany." The real arguments against prejudice are so evident and so compelling that it is tragic when high-principled spokesmen labor a false one.

There is another reason, however, for seeing "Strange Victory," if you have the opportunity (since the picture is a sermon rather than an entertainment and since it is produced by the small Target Films, it will probably not be widely shown). In establishing the price the United Nations (this was in the old days when the nations were united) paid for victory, Barnet Rosset Jr. and Leo Hurwitz have reassembled some magnificent battle footage and have cut into it a number of the war's greatest still photographs.

We are all of us today evidence of how quickly men forget what they mean by war. With the return of peace, the word is almost immediately returned to the vocabulary of the diplomats and we permit them to use it as though they were threatening to bring a lawsuit against their opponents or declare them in bankruptcy. If you say "cold war" often enough, then "hot war" comes to mean only the same thing warmed up. The battle scenes and the aftermath scenes in "Strange Victory" hurl you back five years and explain again what the word "war" is meant to cover.

ROBERT HATCH

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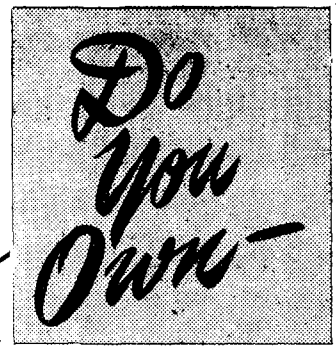

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